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OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

Another terror, not to death, but to life, has been added, it seems, by Mr. Frederic Myers. In order to work out some unsolved problems (of which, by-the-bye, there are a good many) of the Psychical Society, he has suggested we should try the experiment of causing "hallucinatory figures of ourselves" to appear to our friends at a distance. Now, it is not uncommon for young people who make eternal vows of friendship, and who are of sentimental and high-wrought dispositions, to agree that whoever dies first is to appear to the other, and acquaint him with certain facts which have hitherto been by no means ascertained. This is all very well while both parties to the bargain continue in good health; but when one gets the measles or the influenza, or what not, the other becomes a little nervous, and wishes the interesting agreement should be dissolved. I have even heard of a case where £50 was obtained by an invalid (who was not really so very bad after all) for letting his friend off the bargain. Now, how is one to discover, in case of these hallucinatory experiments being successful, that one is not being visited by a ghost? Even if one knows better than that, and believes the "figure" to be alive, it will be very inconvenient, for, however pleased one may be to see one's "friends at a distance," one likes to be aware of their coming. In the country, for example, the arrival of a London friend in this unexpected manner would be most embarrassing. He is most particular in his food, and we are "six miles from a lemon"; he must have table ice with his meals, and we have only what covers the duck-pond. Moreover, if the system becomes general, there may be misunderstandings and even quarrels. When a gentleman has "hallucinated himself" upon us once or twice in this manner, we may decline to welcome him when he comes in the flesh; he will have cried "Wolf!" too often. It will be idle for him to adopt a cheery manner, and say that he has just dropped in for pot-luck. "No, no, my friend; we are not going to be done again," will be our inhospitable reply. "You may say you are Jones, and even think you are Jones, but we know better; you are only an experimentalising hallucination."

Mr. Ruskin, who is no smoker, is naturally indignant with Messrs. Cope for advertising the noxious weed by means of extracts from "Fors Clavigera." There is no doubt that he had the rights of the case, but how much more calmly would he have regarded the matter had he looked at it through the tranquillising atmosphere of tobacco! When a man does not possess a heavenly temper his domestic chaplain ought to recommend him a pipe. I knew an enterprising tobacconist who utilised after the same manner—though it must be confessed, in much greater moderation as regards extracts—Matthew Arnold. He sold a mixture of tobacco done up in an attractive wrapper, and entitled it "Sweetness and Light." I gave the poet a specimen packet (it was not expensive) myself, and so far from his feeling any annoyance, gratitude struggled with a certain innocent satisfaction in his expressive countenance. "Why, this," he said, "is fame indeed!" It was only an advertisement, of course; but genius and good-nature combined to idealise it.

Ever since Lord Mayor's Day I have been trying to find out the eminent counsel who was robbed in the crowd, but had his watch and chain returned to him, with an apology, upon the rogues' discovering who he was. He had many a time defended them successfully at the Old Bailey, and they had the true sentiment of gratitude—the sense of favours to come. Creditable, however, as their action was to human nature, the person benefited has kept an obstinate silence on the matter. Mr. Quirk, on the contrary, of the respectable firm of Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, used to exhibit with pride the proofs of gratitude received from his clients, especially in those more touching cases when his assistance had been useless, and they had been sentenced to be hanged. Modesty, no doubt, of which Mr. Quirk had little, causes the learned gentleman to conceal his part in the transaction, or perhaps the apprehension that in disclosing it he should be supposed to be seeking an advertisement, which is forbidden by legal etiquette. I have been looking for precedents in my law library, but can find no exactly similar case. The gratitude of the criminal classes to their legal advisers has generally been restricted to verbal expression. In some cases, however, this has been emphatic and even pious. O'Connell had got a man off at one time for highway robbery, and at another for burglary; but on a third occasion, for stealing a coasting brig, the task of hoodwinking the jury seemed too great for even his powers of cajolery. However, he made out that the crime was committed on the high seas, and obtained an acquittal. The prisoner lifted up his hand and eyes to Heaven, and exclaimed: "May the Lord long spare you, Mr. O'Connell—to me!" There is, indeed, an example of what appears to be more material gratitude on record, where a gentleman, who had escaped by the skin of his teeth from a charge of forgery, presented his counsel with a "ten-pound note, in addition to his fee"; but the note itself was, unhappily, a forged one.

The subject of the "literary method" of authors has been overdone of late, and I am afraid at no time is the

public much concerned to know whether they write standing, sitting, or with what sort of a pen. When Luther was asked whether a parson should wear a cassock, he answered "Yes; ten cassocks if he finds he can preach any better in them"—from which one gathers that Luther was not much interested in ecclesiastical costume; and similarly I think, readers do not care so much about our "methods" as about what comes of them. In the *Writer*, however, there are some remarks by Dr. Everett Hale about his own work which are noteworthy. He justly observes that the time you spend in composition is of small consequence in comparison with its freedom from interruptions. The work of a business man does not suffer from persons coming in and out, or even from an occasional glance at the newspaper; but with authors, or, at least, with some of them, all is over for the morning if a friend looks in. "Three uninterrupted hours," says the doctor, "are sufficient for the literary man," if he can only get them; but "what with this fool and that coming in, with their 'I do not want to interrupt you, I will only take a moment,'" this is very difficult of accomplishment. Indeed Dr. Hale seems to think that the only hour that can be counted on as safe from "the mother of your wife's sister's husband coming to say that she should like some light work with a large salary, as matron in an institution where there is nothing to do," is from 6.30 to 7.30 in the morning. In the favoured part of the country where he resides "no book agents or secretaries of charities, or jailbirds, call before eight." It is clear that the poor man must have suffered grievously. But, as a matter of fact, an author, like everybody else, gets accustomed to things in time.

It is generally understood that the work of a professional is better than that of an amateur, and a modest artist will sometimes say, when you admire his work, "Oh, I am only an amateur, you know," if he feels quite certain that you will not believe him. In athletic sports, where there are prizes and gate-money, this modesty is also sometimes assumed for the purposes of gain. One, for instance, who has already proved himself very speedy on his legs will enter as a novice, and get a hundred yards given him, when the handicap ought to have been the other way. Or he will represent himself to be somebody else (a real novice), win the stakes, and divide them with him afterwards. The possession of thews and sinews does not, as is generally supposed, comprehend all the moral virtues. The clever people who used to pass the army examinations for less gifted candidates no doubt originated this ingenious system, but professional pedestrianism has (as might be expected) been quick enough to follow it. The drawback in both cases is that the calling, like that of a professional beauty, cannot last for ever; the longer you live up to it the less qualified you are for it: one cannot personify young men of eighteen or win running matches for ever. A gentleman, however, has been charged with having pursued the latter profession for a considerable time and with marked success; and, indeed, he has only failed in outrunning the constable. It is alleged that he was patronised by the bookmakers. In the famous case of the card-sharping peer, an aristocratic witness was asked by the judge what steps he had taken when he found out his lordship cheated at whist. "Well," he replied, "of course I backed him." And this is what the bookmakers are said to have done. There must be something very pleasant (analogous to having two by honours in one's hand at the score of three) in being given a hundred yards' start of competitors one could have beaten at evens.

If you want anything you say contradicted straightway and in the most positive manner, announce it as being "on the highest scientific authority." There is no authority which is so generally resented, and especially by scientific persons. Each of them is of the same opinion as that famous professor who held "there are only two living men who understand this matter (whatever chanced to be in dispute), myself and a gentleman whose name I have forgotten." Yet I thought myself tolerably safe in quoting a high medical authority the other day to the effect that the recent case of triplets living to maturity was unprecedented. I now find—that is, I am told—that it is the rule rather than the exception. Indeed, I am not quite sure, such is the cloud of witnesses, that the majority of persons are not triplets, the minority twins, and only one or two of us individuals. One correspondent tells me that triplets have families, but twins (that is to say, both of them) do not. He does not state it upon "the highest scientific authority," so it may possibly be true.

It is curious that while so many persons are desirous to "get into print," others should be as anxious to keep out of it; but this does sometimes happen; and the various means employed to keep things out of the papers are remarkable. In the north country the other day a farmer was charged with neglecting to report sheep that had the scab, which is, apparently, an ovine offence. Perhaps he wished to give the culprits another chance. His excuse, however, was that he had never seen a scabbed sheep, and therefore knew no more about it than I do. A fine, however, was imposed; then said the farmer's wife to the Bench. "Noo, there's yan thing; we divn't want it in t' newspapers." "You must talk to those gentlemen

behind you," replied the chairman, pointing to the reporters. "You mustn't put it in t' papers, neah way. We're a bit abeu that. I buy yan o' your papers every week, an' if you put it in there shall never another o' your papers come intil our hoose; seah theer." As the report is before me, I am afraid this awful menace had no effect; but what seems extraordinary is that the accused should have objected to his ignorance of the malady in question being made known. A farmer who does not know the scab when he sees it must be of that innocence and simplicity as should make it a pleasure (and profit) to deal with him.

It is sad to find so able a writer as "Q" giving in to the prevailing taste for shreds and scraps of fiction. The pleasure of reading his "Delectable Duchy" is marred (like that of stroking the kitten) by its excessive shortness. Just as we have got to be interested in each individual tale it comes to an end, and we have to start again. This may be "Art" for all I know, but it is not *ars longa*. The padding so often found in the three-volume novel is objectionable, but this running to the other extreme is scarcely less so. In the case of most writers of infinitesimal tales, it is little matter if they shrank to nothing, but as a writer of short stories "Q" is almost A 1. In the case of his present venture, he confines his characters to one locality (Cornwall), a limitation which is a serious drawback to dramatic interest; yet in almost every instance he succeeds in holding the attention of his readers. He has the good sense to spare us the local dialect, a snare into which story-tellers of the present day are constantly falling. Unless one is Scotch, or Irish, or a negro (the worst gibberish of all) it is impossible to understand half they write; and, what is very curious, the natives of the localities described invariably assert the dialect to be none of theirs. In the "Delectable Duchy" the local colouring is, on the other hand, admirably maintained, and the keen airs from the moorland and the sea blow over every page. Like every true humorist, "Q" minglest such pathos with his humour that one sometimes hardly knows whether to laugh or cry. The story called "The Paupers" combines these attributes in a remarkable degree; it is the description of a poor old couple who give the last little entertainment to their friends before going into the workhouse. It seems to be the usual thing for Cornish folks, whose hospitality even under the most disadvantageous circumstances is proverbial. They like to make a splash before going under. "Miss Scantlebury did it better 'n anybody I've heard tell of. When she fell into redoced circumstances she sold the eight-day clock, that was the only thing o' value she had left. Brown o' Tregarrick made it, with a very curious brass dial, whereon he carved a full-rigged ship that rocked like a cradle, an' went down stern-foremost when the hour struck. Twas worth walking a mile to see. Brown's grandson bought it off Miss Scantlebury for two guineas, he being proud of his grandfather's skill; an' the old lady drove into Tregarrick Workus behind a pair of greys wi' the proceeds. Over and above the carriage hire she'd enough left to adorn the horse wi' white favours an' give the rider a crown, large as my lord. Aye, an' at the workus door she said to the fellow, said she, 'All my life I've longed to ride in a bridal chariot; an' though my only lover died of a decline when I was scarce twenty-two, I've done it at last,' said she; 'an' now heaven an' earth can't undo it!'

It is one of the peculiarities of these stories that the end of them is almost always unexpected, though, while our perspicacity is thus proved at fault, we are obliged to confess that the author's completion of the tale is the better one. This is especially the case in "A Corrected Contempt," where a vulgar young dandy, whose affectation makes us loathe him, is shown to be well worthy of esteem. It is possible that the example in question is not a solitary instance of this kind of error, in which case the story has a moral lesson. All the tales, one is sorry to say, are more or less sad, but they are redeemed by strokes of comedy.

For the "Delectable Duchy," in spite of its snippets, one has gratitude to offer, if only as for small mercies, while the book itself is of respectable size, whereas it is now the fashion to publish volumes that would be duodecimos if they were of a shape hitherto known to man. A pamphlet one can understand—and most of them very easily—but these opuscules are inexplicable. "A rivulet of print meandering through a meadow of margin" described a quarto in comparison with them. A great book has been very justly described as a great evil, but there is, or rather ought to be, a medium in all things. Moret, the famous printer, told Porteau that his books were really too small for sale; it took a microscope to see them on the counter; and when the author instanced Plutarch as writing small treatises, kicked him out of the shop for comparing himself, even in that superficial manner, with so great a writer. A certain patron of letters, who gave dinners in days when authors did not always dine, used to place his guests according to the size of their productions—an idea which Isaac Disraeli tells us suggested Addison's well-known paper on the subject in the *Spectator*. "At the head of the table sat those who had published in folio, folissimo; next, the authors in quarto; then those in octavo." But at that period publishing in sippots was unknown.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AND THE FREEMASONS.

The newly constituted Lodge, No. 2456, called the Chancery Bar Lodge, for Freemasons who are members of the Inns of Court practising in the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice, was opened at the Hall of Lincoln's Inn, on Tuesday evening, Nov. 28, by the Prince of Wales, the Most Worshipful Grand Master of the Order in England. His Royal Highness has been over thirty-two years a Bencher of the Middle Temple, and nineteen years Grand Master of the Freemasons, in which capacity he has granted warrants for 1027 new Lodges, one of the most successful being the Northern Bar Lodge. The ceremony of consecrating the Chancery Bar Lodge was performed in the Lincoln's Inn Library; the Prince of Wales presided; on his left was the Earl of Lathom, Past Grand Master, on his right the Earl of Mount-Edgcumbe, Deputy Grand Master. The ex-Lord Chancellor, Lord Halsbury, assumed the Senior Warden's chair, while the Junior Warden for the year, Mr. Akers Douglas, occupied his own post. Canon Bullock and the Rev. F. A. Macdonald acted as Chaplains, Sir Albert Woods as Director of Ceremonies, and Brother Samuel Pope, Q.C., as Inner Guard. After certain formulas had been observed, an oration was delivered by Canon Bullock. The Earl of Lathom then consecrated the Lodge, assisted by the Chaplains. A Masonic choir, under Brother Sergison, rendered some vocal music, after which the Prince of Wales personally constituted the Lodge. The next duty was to instal the Worshipful Master of the Lodge for the ensuing year, Brother William Bachelor Coltman, a Past Grand Steward, who, in his turn, appointed and invested the officers to act with him. The Prince of Wales was enrolled as first member of the new Lodge, which was then closed. The Brethren dined in Lincoln's Inn Hall; the Worshipful Master of the Lodge was in the chair. The Prince, having his health drunk, made a speech expressing his interest, as an Englishman, in Freemasonry. The Lord Chancellor responded to the toast of "The Bench"; Mr. S. Pope, Q.C., to that of "The Bar," and Mr. Lockwood, Q.C., spoke for "The Visitors."

THE SMITHFIELD CLUB CATTLE SHOW.

"Christmas is coming," very quickly after this present writing; and we can promise that there will be good beef, as well as turkey and plum-pudding. The annual show of fat cattle was opened by the Smithfield Club, at the Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington, on Monday, Dec. 4, till Friday, inclusive. This is the ninety-sixth annual show, the club having been founded in 1798, in the reign of "Farmer George." In the course of nearly a century, many changes have been made in the rules and procedure of the club, but no modification has taken place in the object for which it was originally instituted—"the supply of the cattle markets of Smithfield and other places with the cheapest and best meat." While the judges are desired in making their awards to decide according to quality of flesh, lightness of offal, age, and early maturity, the principle of cheapest and best meat supply is constantly in view. The show is this year held under the presidency of Prince Christian, the Earl of Ellesmere being the president-elect. It is gratifying to record that, notwithstanding the exceptional character of the recent season and the great difficulties with which feeders of stock have had to contend, the entries on this occasion exceed in every department the average entries for the preceding eight years, numbering 310 head of cattle, 217 pens of sheep, and 107 pens of pigs. The total amount of prize-money awarded is £3461. Of this sum, cattle receive £2015, sheep £1025, and pigs £325; the balance of £96 goes in gratuities to herdsmen and shepherds. The value of the class prizes for cattle is either £25, £20, £15, or £10 for a first prize; £15, £10, or £5 a second prize; and £10 or £5 a third prize. As the show of cattle is restricted to the beef-making breeds, such exclusively dairy types as the Jersey, Guernsey, and Ayrshire find no specific recognition, and only in the section for "extra stock." The beef cattle are rather of the Shorthorn, Devon, Hereford, Sussex, Aberdeenshire, red polled, and cross-bred races. The champion plate for the best beast in the show, value a hundred guineas, with the club's gold medal, was awarded to Pride of the Highlands, an Aberdeen Angus heifer, bred and exhibited by Mr. James Douglas Fletcher, of Rosehaugh, Inverness. The Queen's cattle from Windsor gained five first-class prizes, and those of the Prince of Wales, from Sandringham, won four; his Royal Highness also sent a Kerry Dexter heifer, which took a prize. The Prince of Wales visited the show.

RIFFS FIGHTING SPANIARDS AT MELILLA.

The Spanish military force now at Melilla, under command of Marshal Martinez Campos, is stated to number 25,000, forming two army corps, under Major-Generals, each corps with two divisions, and each division composed of three brigades. It receives from Malaga large supplies of war material, stores, and ammunition, and the Riff tribesmen are not likely to brave a general engagement with such an army. The fighting scene outside the walls of Melilla, of which we give an illustration, is one of those frequent skirmishes with the garrison that took place before the reinforcements arrived. The work of constructing the new fort at Sidi Guaraich is now going on with no hostile interruption. It is proposed to form a neutral zone between the Spanish and the Moorish territory.

THE NEW DUKE OF LEINSTER.

Maurice, sixth Duke of Leinster, Marquis and Earl of Kildare, Earl and Baron of Offaly, and Viscount Leinster of Taplow, in Buckingham, has succeeded to the premier peerage of Ireland, with its accompanying titles, at the age of six. He is at this moment the youngest of dukes, and probably unconscious of his own stupendous importance in the great hereditary system. His earliest recorded ancestor was a Florentine noble, who, after a sojourn in Normandy, settled in England, and became a great favourite with Edward the Confessor. At the Conquest he was treated by the Normans as a fellow-countryman, and retained the possessions he had acquired under the Saxon rule. He belonged to the Italian family of Gherardini, which name was transformed in course of time into Geraldini, and established the Irish clan of the Fitzgeralds. Probably the youthful Duke is not deeply interested in this part of his ancestry, but a boy's taste for natural history must in his case be stimulated by the legend of the family arms of the Offaly Geraldines. John Fitzthomas Fitzgerald, first Earl of Kildare, is said to have had a narrow escape when an infant from a fire in the castle of Woodstock. The child was forgotten by the servants, who, when they returned to the room where they had left him, discovered that he had been saved by an ape. After that a monkey was adopted as the family crest, which may or may not pique the Duke of Leinster's youthful curiosity about the Darwinian theory when he gets beyond the stage of culture repre-

Bechuanaland Armed Police and Khama's contingent, on the next day had to repulse an attack on his wagon-train. A similar conflict is shown in one of our illustrations. The King, Lo Bengula, is on the Bubi River, a hundred miles north of Buluwayo, and his capture by Major Forbes is expected. Lo Bengula had sent letters asking that Major Forbes's forces should be withdrawn. He had only a hundred men with him, and could not get to the Zambezi.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

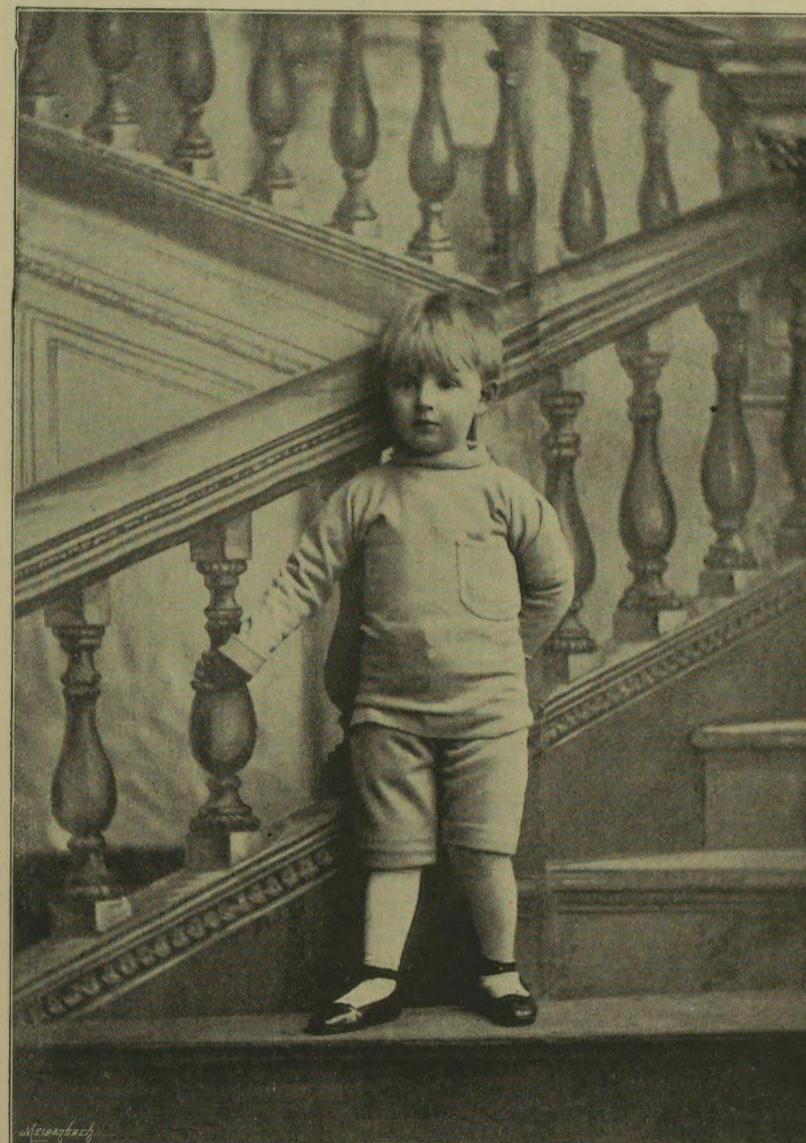
BY THE MACE.

The Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, who rejoices in the functions of Minister-of-all-work, is now in temporary charge of the Irish Office, in the absence of Mr. Morley, on the sick-list. Although Mr. Bryce has admirable qualifications for every post in the Government, the House regards him with one apprehension. You can never tell when the turgid current of public affairs will throw up Mr. Bryce's immortal and ubiquitous work on the "American Commonwealth." When the Chancellor of the Duchy was writing that book he could have had no conception of the part it was destined to play in English politics. At critical moments in the debates on the Home Rule Bill, Opposition orators solemnly rose and quoted Mr. Bryce on the American Constitution. The other day Mr. Hanbury, in making some point for an amendment to the Parish Councils Bill, read the inevitable quotation from Mr. Bryce. That blameless statesman always thinks it necessary to explain that the passage in question has nothing to do with the matter in hand, while the Opposition sit and smile incredulously. I expect to hear Mr. Bryce laboriously striving to make Mr. John Redmond understand that there is nothing in the irresistible masterpiece about the evictions on the De Freyne estates. By and by, when the Chancellor of the Duchy takes charge of the Admiralty and the War Office, he will doubtless find occasion to intimate to the House that his "American Commonwealth" contains no argument in favour of an increased expenditure for the British Navy, or of sending more troops to Egypt.

Of all the critics of the Parish Councils Bill, none displays a greater diligence than Sir Richard Paget. Sir Richard has drawn a great many amendments, and he supports them in speeches which simply reek with rural details. Mr. Fowler listens with deep attention, and replies with studied deference. I believe he has acquired a great deal of useful information about country parishes from Sir Richard Paget, and that if the House would take a holiday, leaving him to discuss the Bill in a private room with that indefatigable Baronet, there would be a great saving of time and labour. Perhaps Mr. Bolton might be persuaded to assist this businesslike arrangement. He had the distinction of moving one of the most important amendments to the Bill. It was a proposal that Parish Councils should be compelled to levy rates on every voter. At present, occupiers compound with landlords for the payment of rates, and the landlords get a discount from the authorities. Mr. Bolton thinks the compound householder in rural parishes should be abolished, and the cost of parish administration brought home to every cottage door. The member for North St. Pancras was the conscious hero of the debate. He smiled with a genial radiance that seemed to extend along the entire bench which he adorns. When Sir Richard Paget supported the amendment Mr. Bolton punctuated every sentence with an affable nod. It was like Napoleon on the battle-field encouraging his marshals. The only recent incident of equal importance was the intervention of Mr. Chamberlain in the discussion about the compulsory acquisition of land. The Opposition stoutly resisted the proposal to endow the parish councils with this power; but Mr. Chamberlain backed the Government on the principle of compulsion, though he objected to compulsory

hirings. It was urged that land hired from the owner without his consent might be returned to him in a worthless condition. But this was by no means the aspect of the case which commended itself to Mr. Byles. He proposed a novel application of compulsion—that a parish council which had bought land should never be allowed to sell it. On this Sir Michael Hicks-Beach remarked that land in the rural districts was not such a precious commodity as Mr. Byles imagined, and that many members of the Opposition would be glad to sell their property to the member for Bradford on very easy terms.

I am not quite sure whether it was at this stage or during the debate on compounding that the somnolent Committee was startled by a rush of fervid eloquence from Colonel Kenyon-Slaney. The gallant Colonel does not figure as often in debate as his brother officer, Major Rasch, who is constantly doing battle for threatened interests in the county of Essex. But Colonel Kenyon-Slaney has the satisfaction of having made a reputation in a single speech. Its bearing on the amendment then before the House was not exactly clear; but what everybody understood was the glowing appeal to Mr. Fowler to put himself at the head of the Tory party. "Let the right honourable gentleman abandon this most unfortunate proposal and he will find his true supporters on this side, and not amongst the gentlemen who sit behind him." Mr. Fowler, always conciliatory, beamed in his apostolic way, and seemed to be consulting Sir William Harcourt as to the propriety of accepting the suggestion. The front Opposition bench was visibly alarmed, but only for a moment, Sir William Harcourt was obdurate, and Colonel Kenyon-Slaney failed by a hair's breadth to achieve a political revolution.



OUR YOUNGEST DUKE: MAURICE, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, SIXTH DUKE OF LEINSTER, BORN MARCH 1, 1887.

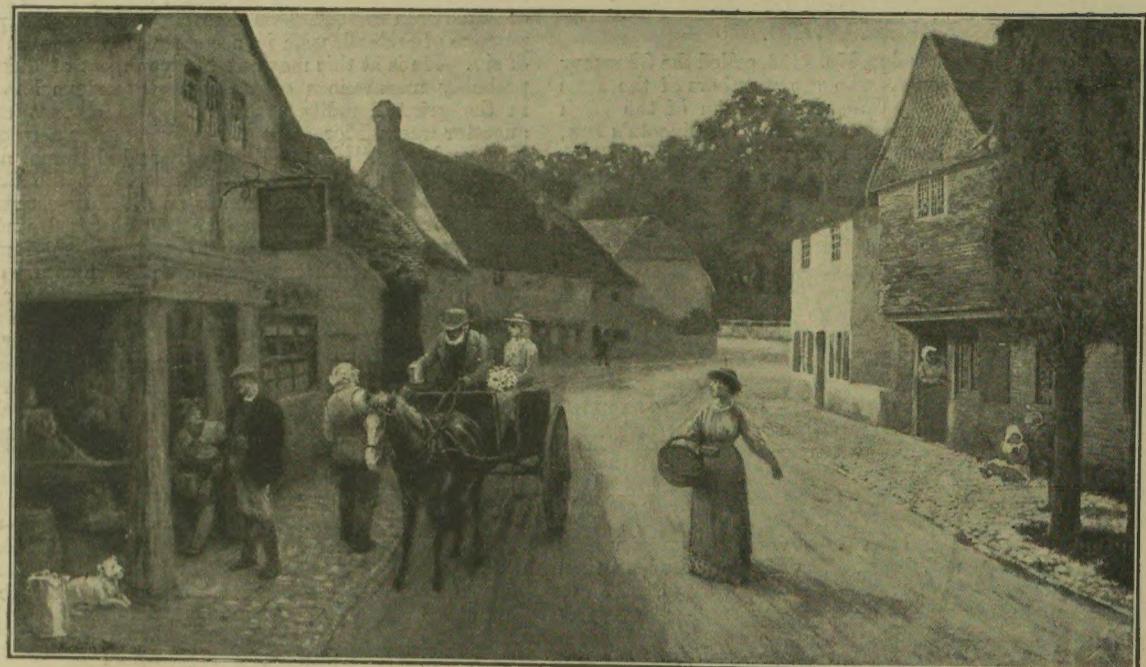
sented by picture-books. But there is so much romance in his pedigree that he may be excused for any indifference to science. The chequered history of Ireland seems to be embodied in the annals of the Geraldines. The most interesting and ill-fated of them all was Lord Edward Fitzgerald, who conspired against the British Government, and was betrayed by Samuel Turner, the most infamous of Irish informers. Turner, by-the-way, was killed in a duel, but his services to the Government were unsuspected until recent years. Lord Edward's treason has been condoned by historians, and has passed into the region of poetry, where the little Duke of Leinster may lisp it without fear when he is tired of monkeys.

MATABILI ATTACK ON A LAAGER.

A telegram of Dec. 4 from Capetown reports that Mr. Cecil Rhodes has returned to Buluwayo from Tati, on the Bechuanaland frontier, and that he considers the war to be terminated, but will not promise that there will be no more fighting. The British South Africa Company has, for the time, assumed jurisdiction in Matabililand; "I suppose, by the right of conquest," says the Under-Secretary for the Colonies in the House of Commons; but the High Commissioner, Sir Henry Loch, and her Majesty's Government reserving the consideration of how to deal with that country in future. Military expeditions in South Africa usually adopt the Boer custom of forming, when they halt at night, a "laager," or enclosure made by an arrangement of the wagons. The Matabili warriors, 7000 in number, attacked by daylight such a laager of the Chartered Company's forces, on the Imbembezi River, on Nov. 1, when they were repulsed, losing a thousand men. Major Goold-Adams, with the

THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN OIL COLOURS.

We noticed at the time of its opening the exhibition of pictures at this gallery, and remarked that among the large number of the works hung on the walls not a few were specially suitable for reproduction. This may or may not be considered a recommendation or compliment by those who maintain the high-toned principle of "Art for art's sake." There is no doubt, however, that painters whose pictures tell stories attract more attention from the general public than those who aim only at "schemes" of colour or "themes" of classical pose. English art at the present moment is, notwithstanding the gibes and scoffs of the lofty critics, for the most part anecdotal—and among those with the simple desire to please in this way we have selected a few specimens from the Institute of Painters in Oils. Mr. Towneley Green, as will be seen, seizes upon a probably most exciting event of the day in an English village—the visit of a well-to-do farmer of the neighbourhood, who has brought his daughter in to do some shopping. In his other picture, "A Forge," he goes a little deeper into the details of daily village life, as discussed in that general rendezvous of the local loafer. Mr. John White deals here with a less pleasant feature of rustic life—the antagonism of black and white, the class prejudices of neatly dressed girls and dirty sweeps. This was a detail of country life on which M. Sardou did not insist in "Nos bons Villageois," otherwise we might have heard



"AN ENGLISH VILLAGE."—BY TOWNELEY GREEN.



"THE SWEEP'S REVENGE."—BY JOHN WHITE.

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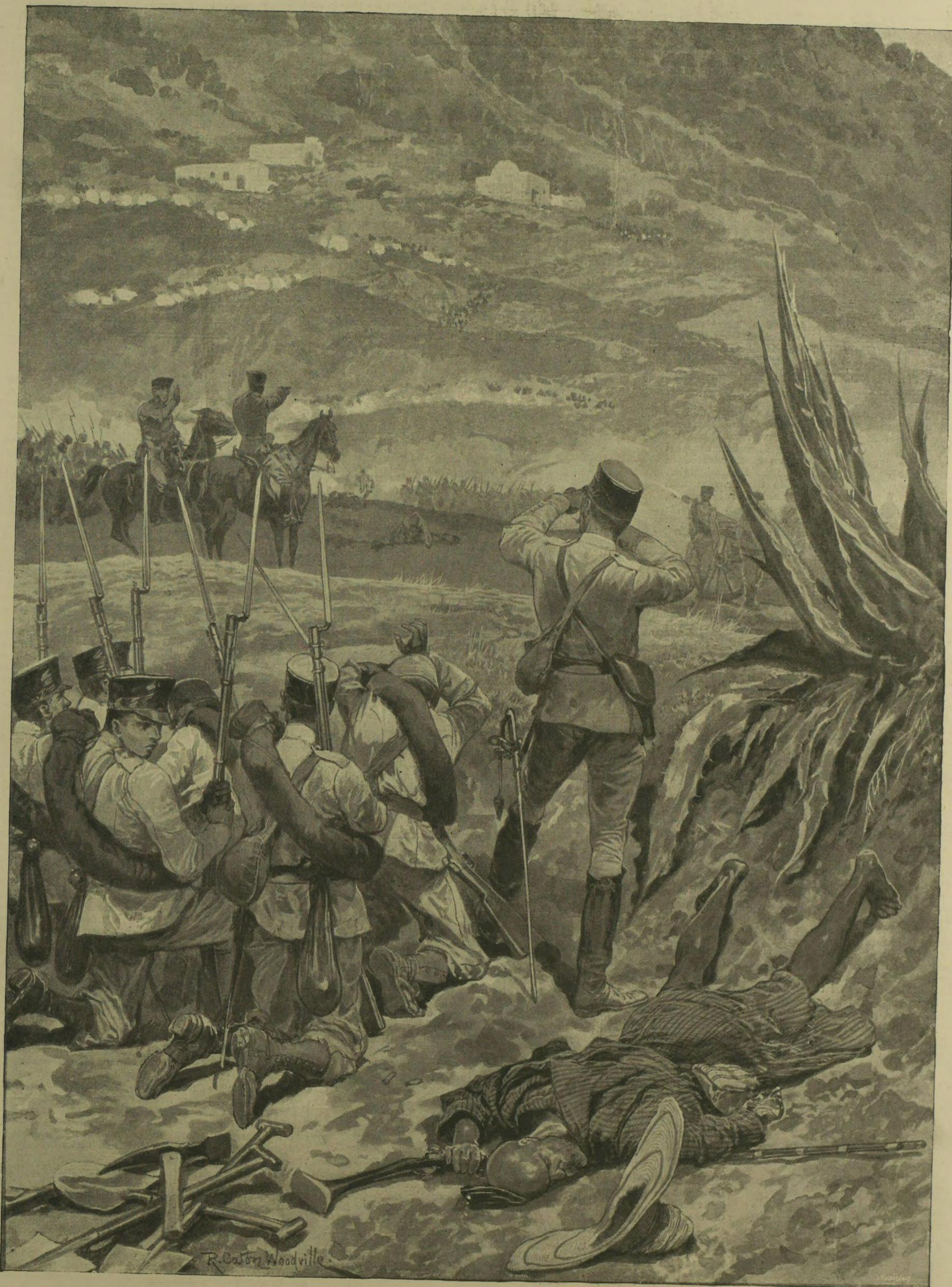
more of the indebtedness of English art to French invention. As a rule, however, Mr. White's work is more idyllic, and his sense of the real charm of the country is better seen in his other and more purely landscape pictures, "Golden Grain" (236), and "The Brook by the Sea" (373). Mr. Robert Carrick carries us away to the seashore, and brings back to our recollection the bare-legged shrimpers and bait-gatherers who attracted our lazy admiration in the hot days of our holidays, and added not a little to the pleasures of life by the sea. Mr. Sheridan Knowles is the bearer of a name which will not fail to evoke pleasant recollections, especially among playgoers, and it is therefore not surprising that he should aim at throwing something of passion or pathos into the story he tells. "The Last Rose of Summer" is not to be left exposed to the cold blasts of autumn, but is to carry with it a message of hope to him for whom it has been gathered. Together the four pictures reproduced make a creditable posy, and display one of the most healthy sides of our thoroughly national school of painting. We have selected them as fairly representative, though by no means exhausting the names of those who find in this particular line an outlet for their special aptitudes. Except in the last named, there is no attempt to depict anything beyond objects of wayside interest. The extremes of tragedy and farce are alike avoided, domestic drama is not even broached, and the painters have been satisfied to transfer to canvas the simplest episodes of life—stories which they who run may read, and stories which it was in their power to paint.



"THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER."—BY G. SHERIDAN KNOWLES.



"THE RETURNING TIDE."—BY ROBERT CARRICK.



R. Caton Woodville

FIGHTING BETWEEN THE RIFFS AND SPANISH TROOPS OUTSIDE MELILLA.

PERSONAL.

The title of Earl of Warwick has fallen, by the death of his father, to Lord Brooke, the Right

Hon. Francis Richard Guy Greville, who was born in February 1853, and who is known in the House of Commons as having been M.P. for East Somerset from 1879 to 1885, and for Colchester from 1888 to the dissolution of the last Parliament. His Lordship is also well known in Essex as a country gentleman

politics the Duke took little part, but he was an earnest and assiduous member of the General Synod of Ireland and of the committee of the Royal Dublin Society. He was very popular in Kildare, and throughout the troublous times of Irish agrarian agitation he preserved the most amicable relations with his tenantry. He spent most of his time in comparative retirement at Carton, in Maynooth, where he died, and he is deeply regretted by all classes of the population.

Notwithstanding the inconvenience that resulted from a delay in completing the seating arrangements at the new Queen's Hall, the inaugural public concert on Saturday, Dec. 2, passed off very successfully. Whatever doubts may have existed regarding the excellence of the acoustic properties were finally removed, as was also that absurd structure, the royal box, which had formed so unnecessary a barrier across the middle of the principal balcony. The newly formed choir had had very little time for rehearsal, and although Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise" did not impose a very severe test, the familiar choruses went with a degree of spirit that was, under the circumstances, quite remarkable. The quality of the tone was fresh and the volume ample, while the attack and intonation gave entire satisfaction. The band, too, acquitted itself well, and the solos were rendered with distinction by Madame Albani, Miss Margaret Hoare, and Mr. Edward Lloyd. Mr. F. H. Cowen, who was the conductor, deserved and received congratulations from all sides. In the second part of the concert, Beethoven's "Emperor" concerto was cleverly played by Mr. Frederick Dawson.

Another of the distinguished members of the family of Allan Cunningham has died. The late Major-General Sir Alexander Cunningham, one of his sons, was in

the eightieth year of his age. He went to India, as a junior lieutenant of the Bengal Engineers, in 1831, and served there not only in the Sikh wars, earning honours, praise, and promotion in rank, especially by the skilful construction of pontoon bridges, in

Photo by Byrne and Co., Richmond.
THE LATE GEN. SIR ALEXANDER CUNNINGHAM, K.C.I.E.

more than one campaign, but also in frontier boundary surveys, and in the administrative engineering department for the North-West Provinces. In the meantime he prosecuted archaeological researches of great interest with regard to the temples of Kashmir, and the historical antiquities of other countries adjacent to India. In 1861 he was commissioned by the Indian Government to undertake a comprehensive series of similar investigations extending over the different provinces of our Eastern Empire; these have produced valuable results, which occupy many volumes, special reports, and learned treatises, highly esteemed by Oriental scholars. The historical geography and topography of India owe very much to his industry and sagacity in exploring their traces; he also formed a collection of coins which is not surpassed by any that exists.

Sir John Drummond Hay, who was born in 1816, and has died at an advanced age, retired from the diplomatic service in

1886, after an experience probably unique. He may be said to have practically spent most of his life in Morocco, where he represented British interests for upwards of forty years. Sir John belonged to the old school of diplomats, accustomed to manage semi-savage potentates without any

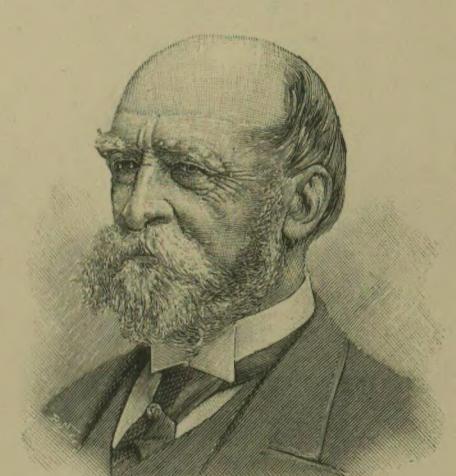


Photo by Russell and Sons.
THE LATE SIR JOHN DRUMMOND HAY, G.C.M.G.

special reference to the Foreign Office. It is noteworthy that Sir John Hay had a comparatively quiet time in Morocco; and that our difficulties in that country have arisen since his retirement. The special mission of Sir Charles Euan-Smith, for example, cannot be recalled as an altogether satisfactory assertion of British influence. Sir John Hay was well known to travellers, who had constant reason to be grateful for his kindness and sagacious counsel.

The epidemic of influenza still rages in the House of Commons, and nobody seems to be safe except Mr. Gladstone, who remains untouched by mortal ills. Mr. John Morley, if not suffering from influenza in one of its many forms, has had a sharp attack of cold, and has been ordered to take a complete rest. Overwork has probably not a little to do with the Chief Secretary's illness. When Parliament practically sits all the year round the strain upon the

Ministers is very severe. Never a salubrious spot, the House of Commons in December possesses an atmosphere which only the hardiest veteran can withstand.

The Ballad Concerts are once more in full swing, and with every prospect of maintaining their accustomed popularity. Although the founder of the institution has passed away, the well-known name of Mr. Boosey (minus the Christian name) still stands at the head of the announcements, a guarantee that the old traditions will be faithfully preserved. At the opening concert of the season at St. James's Hall, two or three new songs were introduced, and of these favour is likely to cling longest to Mr. F. H. Cowen's melodious and well-written ballad "The Promise of Life," rendered with admirable feeling and expression by Miss Clara Butt. On the same occasion Madame Frances Saville, a prima donna hailing from the Antipodes, but of Parisian vocal training, made a highly promising débüt.

The name of Antonio Bazzini had, until Monday, Dec. 4, been strange to the programme of the Popular Concerts. Three or four of his orchestral compositions have already been performed at the Crystal Palace, while his clever "Witches' Dance," for violin, has been familiarised by Sarasate, Nachez, and others. The quartet in G major brought forward on the above-mentioned date is the fourth that has issued from his pen. Mr. Ries, who had been compelled through illness to absent himself from the "Pops" for the first time in their history, returned to take part in this graceful quartet; but it was now Signor Piatti's turn to be away, and his place was ably filled by Herr Klengel. Lady Hallé and Mr. Gibson occupied their usual places.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL.

[See Supplement.]

"The leaves of life are falling one by one"—leaves which have been "for the healing of the nations" from disorders engendered by ignorance. But a few days ago we were the poorer for the loss of Agassiz; yesterday, of Owen; now to-day, of Tyndall. Yet, in each case, the prayer of the wise Dutchman that he "might finish his work before he died" was granted, all have passed away full of years and honours.

Tyndall was born at Leighlin Bridge, county Carlow, on Aug 21, 1820. His parentage was humble, but he claimed descent from the famous William Tyndale who "was rash enough to boast, and to make good his boast, that he would place an open Bible within reach of every ploughboy in England." To Tyndale's remote descendant, the Bible was an "open" book, as his often felicitous use of it evidenced. Early in life, having received the best education—limited at the best—which the means of his father permitted, he entered the employ of the Ordnance Survey, and afterwards of an engineer at Manchester, at a time when the railway mania was rampant. Then he took to schoolmastering; came into contact with Dr. Frankland, with whom he went to Germany for the study of chemistry under the illustrious Bunsen, whose researches in spectrum analysis, or the composition of the stuffs of the cosmos, are matters of history. This residence in Masburg was the stepping-stone to Tyndall's career as a physicist. It brought him into intimate relations with Faraday, at whose recommendation he was ultimately appointed Professor of Natural Philosophy at the Royal Institution in 1853. With that institution he was identified for above thirty years, during which period he not only conducted a series of important researches in diamagnetism and other subjects, but contributed, in the effective way which his mastery of luminous English permitted, to the exposition of abstruse scientific questions. As an effective lecturer and clear-headed controversialist he was equalled only by Professor Huxley, to whom, however, the palm of a more restrained and less ornate style must be conceded. For, in truth, Tyndall was a little prone to wear his heart upon his sleeve, decked in somewhat garish ornamentation. To the reading world at large he is best known by his collected essays, published under the title of "Fragments of Science," which included the famous Belfast Address delivered by him at the meeting of the British Association in 1874. The apparently materialistic tone of that address raised a furious controversy, the intensity of which brings only a smile in these latter days. To a more limited circle Tyndall is better known as the felicitous expositor of cosmic dynamics in his "Heat as a Mode of Motion." Although theories anticipatory of this explanation of heat had been broached by both Bacon and Locke, it was held, as late as the end of the eighteenth century, that heat was a fluid—caloric, as it was named—which passed out of substances when they were too full of it. But Rumford's discovery that heat can be produced by friction, and Davy's experiment showing that it is a peculiar motion, probably a vibration of the particles of bodies, tending to separate them, proving that energy is convertible into heat, and vice versa, led to Dr. Joule's magnificent and far-reaching experiments on the mechanical equivalent of heat, and to the momentous theory of the conservation of energy; that is, that the totality of the power of doing work which bodies possess is unaltered, no matter what transformations that energy—which is either potential and stored up or visible and working—undergoes.

It is not so much as an original discoverer as a brilliant expositor that Tyndall ranks among the *savants* of the Victorian era. He was a man of wide-embracing sympathies: the long, close friendship with Carlyle was one among other evidences of the many-sidedness of his character and tastes; and in the feeling of the pathos of human life and the limitations surrounding it which marks his utterances, we see that deep and touching "Scientific Use of the Imagination" which he commends in the well-known essay thus entitled. Space forbids enlarged reference to his important investigations into the structure and motion of glaciers in his beloved Alps, the results of which were popularly embodied in his delightful work on "Forms of Water." His latter public deliverances were solely political: differing from Mr. Gladstone on the Home Rule question, his fiery Celtic nature emitted indignant protests. In his death a loyal, truth-loving, affectionate soul has passed to "unawakening sleep."

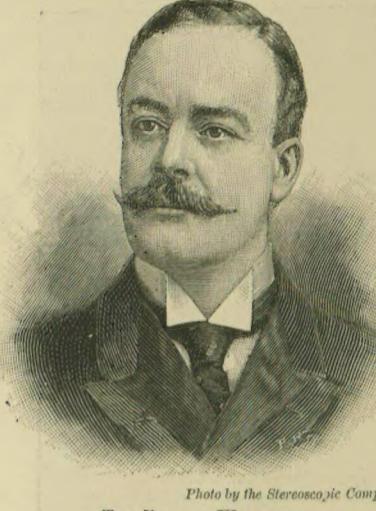


Photo by the Stereoscopic Company.
THE EARL OF WARWICK.

taking an active interest in the breeding of horses for useful work, and in the improvement of cattle and of agriculture. He married, in 1881, the daughter and co-heiress of the Hon. C. H. Maynard, and has two sons and a daughter. The Greville family are spoken of elsewhere.

The death of the Earl of Warwick has naturally revived the recollection of the narrow escape of Warwick Castle from destruction by fire in 1871. Happily the pictures and art treasures were saved, but the library and its contents were destroyed, and considerable damage was done to other parts of the historic building. Lord Warwick's friends, with possibly more zeal than discretion, appealed to the public for funds to restore those portions of the castle which had most suffered from fire and water, and the energy of those engaged in the struggle with these elements. So popular was Lord Warwick among his tenantry and neighbours that, although the subscribers were limited to denizens in the county of Warwick, a very large sum (about £27,000, if we recollect rightly) was collected and presented to the Earl. We are betraying no confidence in saying now what we believe has not been previously made known—that, while accepting the sum thus spontaneously offered, Lord Warwick never used a shilling of it in the restoration of the castle or for his own private purposes. The whole sum was placed in trust for the benefit of tenants and others, and when the Greenaway frauds brought disaster to many, a large number received liberal grants from this fund.

Few long lives can show a fuller record of good work done than that of Talbot Baines Reed, who died on Nov. 28, in his forty-second year; yet of few lives could it have been so confidently said that the past achievements promised far greater results for the future—a future which was not to be. In all his tastes he was a man of letters. As a man of business he managed, for some time alone, one of the most literary forms of industry—a type-founding establishment; and turning his craft to literary account, he wrote a standard work on the early English type-founders. As a writer of fiction he gave us a series of school-tales and boys' stories that will bear comparison with the best of their kind. Especially did he know how to draw the average English schoolboy to the life, and to make him interesting to readers young and old without sensational adventures, priggish piety, or overstrained and morbid sentiment. His tales were often crowded with boyish figures, but each boy was a recognisable figure. The stories were all alike—fresh, manly and natural, and wholesome in suggestion without preaching, except such as was stuffed in at times by some incongruous editor of a religious society. All Talbot Reed wrote was penetrated with a kindly humour; only his bad boys were drawn less completely, as if his mind failed to enter into anything morbid. It is as a writer of boys' books that he will be remembered chiefly; but those who were watching his literary career felt sure that these were only the training for work of a higher class, towards which he was tending in his historical tales. Of the social side of his nature no account can be given here. But it was marked, like his literary faculty, by wide sympathy and comprehension towards others and by an unfailing geniality.

The death of the Duke of Leinster of typhoid fever at the early age of forty-two has closed an unobtrusive career. In no way distinguished in public life, the late Duke was, nevertheless, greatly esteemed for his amiable qualities and for his keen appreciation of the obligations attached to the most conspicuous title in Ireland. In 1884 the Duke of Leinster married Lady Wilhelmina Duncombe,



Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.

THE LATE DUKE OF LEINSTER.

daughter of the Earl of Feversham, and justly celebrated as one of the loveliest women in England. In

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen is at Windsor Castle, where she has been visited, during the last week, by the Prince of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, the Marchioness of Lorne, Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, the Duchess of Albany, and others of the royal family. The Marquis of Salisbury and Lady Salisbury, the Earl and Countess of Kimberley, and the Right Hon. James Bryce, M.P., have been guests at the Castle.

Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg have returned from Darmstadt, and have rejoined her Majesty at Windsor. The Prince of Wales on Tuesday, Dec. 5, returned to Sandringham.

Lord Salisbury's speeches at the Cardiff and Newport meetings of the South Wales Conservative Associations have been almost the only political incident worth notice outside of Parliament. He said that the mission of the Conservative party was to diminish social differences and to encourage confidence between classes, while it was the unfortunate lot of their opponents at every step to exaggerate and exasperate these differences. He charged Mr. Gladstone with this—that whenever he was in difficulties he always sought for more power by the process of setting some class against another. This proposition Lord Salisbury illustrated by reference to the Employers' Liability and Parish Councils Bills, the Welsh Land Commission, and the action of the Government with regard to the Church in Wales. Lord Salisbury afterwards delivered a speech in which he endeavoured to point out that such an organisation of local government as was proposed in the Parish Councils Bill would mean an increase of expenditure and of rates.

A deputation of miners waited upon Lord Salisbury on Dec. 5 to ask his assistance in so altering the Employers' Liability Bill that they might not be prevented from making their own arrangements with their employers as to compensation for accidents. Lord Salisbury said he was in favour of their continuing to enjoy the freedom which they had possessed hitherto. He would, therefore, resist, as far as he could, the particular clause to which the deputation had referred.

The Court of Common Council has received a report from its special committee recommending that, in view of the declarations made by Mr. Fowler on the part of the Government, the Corporation should lay before the Royal Commission the fullest amount of evidence procurable on the question of the unification of London.

The School Management Committee of the London School Board has presented a report dealing with the various memorials and resolutions from deputations on the subject of religious teaching. The committee has decided to recommend the Board to adopt a motion standing in the name of Mr. Lyulph Stanley, to the effect that the Board adhere to the scheme of Biblical and religious teaching settled by the first Board, with the substitution of the words "Christian religion and morality" for "morality and religion." The committee has prepared a circular to be issued to teachers in explanation of this alteration, but setting forth the doctrine of the Trinity. They propose to make arrangements for relieving teachers who do not hold that doctrine from the duty of giving religious instruction.

Princess Christian on Saturday, Dec. 2, opened a new free public library for the Lower Marsh district of Lambeth—the sixth opened in Lambeth since the adoption of the Free Libraries Act.

Lord Roberts, at the annual prize distribution of the 2nd London Rifles in the Drill-Hall, Farringdon Road, spoke of the difficulties Volunteers had to encounter in becoming good shots, and said he had always maintained that the Volunteer force was a valuable addition to her Majesty's Army.

The anniversary meeting of the Royal Society was held on Nov. 30 at Burlington House. Lord Kelvin delivered the address. He reviewed the important scientific events of the past year. Medals were presented, and officers and council elected for the ensuing year. In the evening the anniversary dinner was held at the Hôtel Métropole.

The National Skating Association of Great Britain held its annual meeting, in London, on Nov. 30, Dr. G. Cunningham in the chair. The amateur skating championship of the world is to be competed for on Feb. 10 at Stockholm.

Three children who had ventured on to the ice on a pond at Tean, near Stoke-on-Trent, on Sunday, Dec. 3, were drowned, and their mother, who attempted to rescue them, very narrowly escaped the same fate.

The Scotch colliers, meeting at Glasgow, have decided unanimously to suggest to coal-masters that an open conference be held to consider the present deadlock, and that if they refused the 17,000 miners who had already received the shilling advance be called upon to join the strikers. The Scotch coal-masters have, however, declined. Consequently, the miners' leaders will call out the miners working at the advance. The leaders of the Fifeshire miners have decided to make a demand for a further advance in wages of 12½ per cent., and to urge that a Board of Conciliation be appointed.

At a meeting of the council of the Railway Reform Association held in London, resolutions were adopted urging the reduction of the railway rates for coal, and thanking the Government for their judicious intervention at the critical period of the dispute in the coal industry.

An extraordinary incident was revealed in a case tried this week by Mr. Justice Cave, in the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice. There was an affidavit by the defendant, a Mrs. Cullener, that from 1865 to the present time she had habitually worn male attire, passed as a man, and pursued the calling of a plumber and paper-hanger under the name of Henry Smith; also that she had gone through the form of a marriage with a Miss Newland (taking the name of James Stanley) in order to secure certain property for her children.

The new French Ministry has been formed. M. Casimir-Périer, the Premier, takes the portfolio of Foreign Affairs, M. Raynal that of the Interior, M. Burdeau that of Finance,

General Mercier that of War, Vice-Admiral Lefevre that of Marine, and M. Spuller that of Public Instruction and Worship. MM. Antonin Dubost, Jonnart, Marty, and Viger are appointed to the Ministries of Justice, Public Works, Commerce, and Agriculture respectively. The late Prime Minister, M. Dupuy, has been elected President of the Chamber, by 251 votes against 213 for M. Brisson.

In the German Reichstag on Dec. 1, Count Hompesch, on behalf of the Centre, brought forward a Bill for the readmission of the Jesuits into Germany. After a debate, in which members of the Government took no part, the first and most essential paragraph of the Bill was carried by 176 against 136 votes. The course which the Government will take is not yet known, but it is thought improbable that they will resist the declared sentiment of the majority of the Reichstag. Reference was made in the Reichstag to the attempt on the life of the Emperor by forwarding to him an infernal machine. The Berlin Anarchists have held a meeting, at which they declared that they have had nothing to do with the attempt against the Emperor and Chancellor.

The Centre party in the German Reichstag, it has been stated by their leader, Dr. Lieber, are now convinced that the commercial policy inaugurated by the treaty of 1891 with Austria-Hungary ought not to be abandoned; and they would, therefore, vote for the treaties, including that with Roumania, and for every commercial treaty that did not threaten German interests.

The Ministerial crisis in Italy continues. Signor Zanardelli is still engaged in the task of forming a Cabinet, and the general opinion continues to be that he will not succeed in constituting a strong or long-lived Ministry.—The Tribunal at Rome has granted to the Credito Mobiliare six months' grace to settle its liabilities.

Two measures for the reform of the marriage laws were introduced into the Hungarian Parliament on Dec. 2. One provides for compulsory civil marriage, which will alone be recognised by the law. Provision is also made for the legal dissolution of marriage. Persons forbidden to marry according to the ordinances of the Church to which they belong are not to be allowed to marry without the permission of the Church authorities. Clergymen and others who perform the religious ceremony before proof has been given of civil marriage are subjected to a fine of 1000 crowns for the first offence, and to fine and imprisonment for its repetition. The other Bill, dealing with mixed marriages, provides that in case of the marriage of persons of different faiths the religion of the children may be decided before the ceremony, but if no such decision be come to the children are to follow the religion of their father. M. Szilagyi, Minister of Justice, in introducing the Civil Marriage Bill, made a defence of its principles.

A number of Russian students and several ladies have been arrested at Kieff and Czernikow, on suspicion of being concerned in Nihilist plots. The Russian Government publishes an Imperial Ukase authorising the State to take over from Jan. 1 next the railway lines hitherto worked by the Great Russian Railway Company. The Minister of Finance will submit proposals concerning the terms to be allowed to existing shareholders.

Negotiations were begun at Berlin on Dec. 4 between representatives of the German and French Governments with regard to the division of the interior of West Africa behind the Cameroons and the French Congo.

President Cleveland's Message to the United States Congress on Dec. 4 states that negotiations with Great Britain have been treated in a spirit of friendliness, to make the award and regulations agreed upon by the Bering Sea Tribunal of Arbitration practically effective. A request for additions to the list of extraditable offences covered by the existing treaty is under consideration. The United States Government has been an attentive but impartial observer of the conflict in Brazil, and has disavowed the conduct of its late naval commander at Rio de Janeiro in saluting the revolted Brazilian Admiral, which was an act calculated to give gratuitous sanction to a local insurrection. It has instructed its present Minister at Honolulu to undo the wrong which has been done by its late representative there in giving active aid, by intimidation with an armed naval force of the United States, to subvert the constitutional government of Hawaii. The Nicaragua Canal, now in serious financial embarrassment, is an undertaking in which the United States feel great interest. The Treasury of the United States Government is not in a flourishing condition. It is estimated, upon the basis of the present revenue laws, that the receipts of the Government for the year ending June 30, 1894, will be \$430,121,365 and the expenditure \$458,121,365, so that there will be a deficiency of \$28,000,000, or £5,000,000.

The attitude of the conflicting forces in Brazil is not yet changed; but Admiral de Mello, with the war-ship Aquidabán and an armed merchant vessel, has left the harbour of Rio de Janeiro after a sharp encounter with the Government forts. He sailed to the southward, but it is believed that his intention is to intercept the Government's new vessels, which are on their way to Brazil from New York.

The Matabili War in South Africa seems about at an end. Reports from Dr. Jameson, dated Buluwayo, Nov. 24, state that the roads were open for wagon supplies; the indunas who came in from the Matopo Hills were sent back with a message promising good treatment if they would submit and surrender their weapons. The following forces are out: Major Forbes, with three hundred men and two Maxim guns, following the King; Captain Brown, of the Border Police, with one hundred men and two Maxim guns, following Masewe, near Old Buluwayo; Captain Spreckley's company, sixty strong, with one Maxim gun, moving towards the Gwai River; Captain Williams, with fifty men, on the Shashani River.

In New Zealand the general election has proved, as was expected, favourable to the Ministry, fifty-four of whose supporters have been returned, with fourteen members of the Opposition and two Independent candidates. All the members of the Ministry have been re-elected.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

As they say of painters and artists in general, Mr. Beerbohm Tree has two distinct manners. They are the romantic and the realistic. He is very fond of playing on both strings. To the first belong, of course, his Hamlet, his Gringoire, his Mephisto; to the latter his Macari, his Demetrius, his Captain Swift. I notice that some of Mr. Beerbohm Tree's warmest admirers are a little vexed and playfully cynical because he has for the moment reverted to his first manner in this fate-haunted Australian bushranger, Captain Swift. It is not so much the player that is mildly scorned as the play. There seems to be a passion in some quarters for running down, sneering at, and belittling the very plays that clearly interest the public. So soon as the public applauds, the cynics sneer. For a play to be popular is, in the estimation of the superfine, to imply that it is bad. And yet, if we examine it closely and pick out its distinct elements of interest, "Captain Swift" is not at all a bad play of its class. The attractive bushranger is no doubt the central figure of the drama, but he is by no manner of means the only interesting one. This dare-devil fellow, this reckless scapgegrace, who actually wins the admiration of the man he has most injured; this man so physically attractive and so intellectually interesting that he influences to admiration a refined and beautiful woman of society; this lost sheep, who in his wanderings finds the mother who has a warm corner in her heart for the prodigal; this vagabond, who takes destiny by the ears and shakes it; this victim of fate, who is eventually laid by the heels and has to throw up his hands and give up the game, is as interesting in his way as the heroes of Bret Harte. Supposing our friends who sneer at Captain Swift, and would, if they dared, hold him up to public execration, were reviewing books instead of plays, would they take the short stories of Bret Harte out of our hands and fling them into the fire? Would they deny us the pleasure of perusing "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," or "Tennessee's Partner," or "Mliss" or "Miggles," or the tales of the far West, pointing to the obvious truth that even in the most sordid life there is an element of romance if we would only look for it? Captain Swift is a typical hero of a certain kind of romance that no novelist would despise, that every novel-reader would welcome. Why, then, should it be the bounden duty of the reviewer of plays to sneer at the poor fellow when he is attractive to everyone who looks at him? I see a crowded theatre delighted with a certain play; I hear their genuine applause; I note their admiration of the acting; I observe that they call out for congratulation their favourites, and that they specially compliment the young author; and next morning or next afternoon I—as one of the public—am told, in laboured and involved sentences, that I am an egregious fool for liking such rubbish. Enthusiasm nowadays seems to be the red rag to the critical bull. They can stand anything in the playhouse save pleasure. But surely they omit to see that the success of "Captain Swift" is not self-contained in the leading character. He is a showy figure, but he is not all the play. The mother with the silent sorrow—the good woman with the buried secret, which her dear old husband never knows; the husband himself, with his honest devotion to his "dear old Dutch"; the innocent girl who loves not wisely but too well, and who, once having given her love, never revokes it; the impetuous hot-headed boy who violently dislikes the adventurous Captain Fell, but "the reason why he cannot tell"; the burly, broad-chested, big-backed Australian millionaire, who has a sneaking regard for the fascinating scoundrel—all these characters and incidents, I say, tend to supply the interest that the public unquestionably feels in the play. Surely we have not come to this pass that, because a play is not written by Ibsen or Maeterlinck or Sudermann that it is necessarily absurd. We need not detest the one because we like the other. The more varied the plays are the better; the greater the choice the better for the stage at large. But this seems to be the cant of modern criticism. Because we are deeply interested in Wagner we may not listen to Balfe. The devotion to Tristan is to necessitate a horror of "The Bohemian Girl." I am thankful that my sympathies are not so narrow or constrained. I can enjoy "Captain Swift" without execrating the "Enemy of the People." And, after all, the Australian bushranger can be defended on the same ethical grounds that make up the defence of a certain notorious lady elsewhere. We are asked to go into ecstatic rhapsodies because an author has dared to establish on the stage that our sins find us out. Surely the sins of Captain Swift find him out? He can never, try as he will, get clear of the shadow of fate. Everything fails him. The love-apple that he would pluck is withered in his hand. The mother's love for which he seems to hunger is dashed from his lips. The new life that he desires is never attained by him, and he actually commits suicide! Even this last merit is not allowed to make him attractive in the eyes of the champions of self-destruction. But the real reason why Captain Swift is interesting in the estimation of the people is that he is human. There is no particular mystery about the man. He has passions and ambitions like ourselves. He is no monster, but an understandable man. He is the John Oakhurst of a very effective and striking stage story, and he passes in his checks in very much the same way as the rough miners and adventurers do in the stirring and human stories by Bret Harte.

The action of the "high authority" that put into action the very "highest authority in the land" to check the ridicule of religion on the stage is highly to be commended. It was well that a warning should be given to those who confound license with liberty. Officers in the army, usually so sensitive in regard to etiquette and discipline, do not appear to object when the very regiment to which they are attached, their uniforms, and their social habits are lightly spoken of on the stage; but military chaplains have a higher regard for their calling, and do not care to be misrepresented.

POSTAGE FOR FOREIGN PARTS THIS WEEK.

DECEMBER 9, 1893.

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THE SMITHFIELD CLUB CATTLE SHOW: THE CHAMPION AND ITS ADMIRERS.

YOUNG SAM AND SABINA

BY WALTER RAYMOND



CHAPTER X.

ASHFORD'S VISIT.

Very few days elapsed before Ashford availed himself of the general invitation given by Sabina on the night he passed up the river on the barge.

The cows were in the home-field now, and Christopher, Sabina, and the boy were busy a-milking when the two-wheeled pony cart drove up to the low-thatched homestead. Christopher came at once to welcome the unexpected guest, and take the pony to the stable. Sabina, sitting close by on a one-legged stool, her sun-bonnet pressed against a red cow, turned her face to watch proceedings and silently listen to their conversation.

Christopher was voluble in instructions. His voice sank to a mysterious whisper as he pointed out the best way to go, and the stealth necessary to the circumvention of rabbits.

"Goo along quiet between the wheat an' the hedge, till you do come to a shard wi' a hurdle a-stuck in. If you do so much as crack a dry stick under your voot 'tes good-bye, they'll all run in. Then look over so quiet 's a mouse—an' then git drough, an' kip on to the little copse, an' over hedge in grass groun', there you'll see 'em—little and big."

At this moment Sabina rose, and moved slowly among the cows, the pail in one hand and the stool in the other.

"Here, Sabina 'll jus' show 'ee the way. And Sabina! Up top o' ground goo in the wheat a little way an' bring back a half a han'ful o' ears."

So the girl presently led Ashford across the fields towards the piece of yellow wheat, on the slightly rising ground behind the village. Between the hedgerow and the standing corn they were almost hidden. The scent of the honeysuckle was faint, and the drowsy poppies drooped their heads. A grey wood-pigeon arose, startled, from the El Dorado where the wind had sometime beaten down the golden grain.

Sabina stopped. But Ashford was not ready, and the bird flew away.

"Why didn't 'ee shoot?" asked the girl.

"I was thinking of something else, Sabina."

She blushed. Not from shame or shyness, but because there was a pleasant raillery in the tone in which he spoke her name.

A sparrow came fluttering among the heads of corn as if he would whisper in their ears; and when they stopped by the gap with the hurdle, and she went in to pick the wheat, quite a flock of small birds flew away with a pleasant whirring of wings.

Ashford sat down on the bank and watched her.

The ruddy yellow of the level crop came sharp against the blue sky, hiding all but the girl's head and bust. Her sunbonnet gleamed quite white in contrast with the brilliant colours.

"You won't want me no mmore," she said, coming back with her half-handful of ears. "'Tis straight as ever you can go now up to the corner of the copse."

"Not want you, Sabina! What a curious idea!" laughed Ashford. "I pray you will do me no such injustice. Come and sit here and talk to me."

"I be'n't tired," she replied.

She bound a long stalk around the tiny sheaf, which she placed like a bouquet in the bosom of her frock. Then she stood rubbing some ears between her hands and winnowing the grain with her breath.

"I have thought of you hundreds and thousands of times whilst I have been away, Sabina."

"I should a-thought you'd had something different to think o'."

"I had. But I thought of you instead."

"Ah! I don't listen to all everybody do tell up."

"A very prudent determination, Sabina; and one of which I entirely approve so long as you listen to me."



She knew full well he had missed; and for a moment he fell in her estimation.

"I ben't a-gwaine to. Not so terrible much."

Yet she remained, her smiling inexperience trying in vain to hide the pleasure his flattery gave her.

"Yes. I've thought of you and the mistletoe—and what an ass I was not to kiss you under it."

"I shouldn't never a-let 'ee done it," reflected Sabina.

"Oh! I don't know, Sabina. You mustn't take such a despondent view of things."

"Well. You do know the way now. So, good-bye!" she said, turning to depart.

"Stop. One moment, Sabina. I have always known the way—"

He sprang to his feet, and before the girl was aware of his intention had thrown his arm around her waist. But she fearlessly snatched a bunch of stinging-nettles from the bank, and pushed them in his face. Then, as he shrank back, she freed herself from his embrace, and ran off laughing between the wheat and the hedge-row.

Fully recognising the hopelessness of attempting to catch her, he did not follow. Presently she looked back, and finding herself not pursued, walked slowly to the end of the field and passed out of sight.

Then Sabina stopped. Rubbing her fingers with dock-leaves to allay the smart from the nettles, she enjoyed leisure and peace of mind for a little quiet thought.

Certainly these attentions, in a most unprecedented manner, gladdened her heart. She distinctly wished, although she did not know why, that she had permitted him to kiss her. There would have been no harm in that. For kissing in Arcadia is merely an innocent amusement, and a part of the ritual of every feast, revel, and rural game. But he was not an Arcadian, and therein seemed to lie the difference. His speech, his manner, and education all clearly separated him from the people by whom she was surrounded, and in this distinction lay the reason of her exultation and her fear. The independent spirit of the peasant, too, who pays his way and wants nothing of anybody, was strong in her nature. It gave her an instinctive distrust of one whose phrases sounded so fine that he might be laughing in his sleeve. She fancied he might say one thing and mean another, for even in the tones of his voice she could discover a fleeting intangible something which her mind could not catch.

So, although Sabina was a trifle tremulous, her heart was glad—glad as a young bird breaking into uncertain song in the early sunshine of his first spring. There was a romance about it—a danger and an audacity which had been wanting in the somewhat commonplace attentions of young Sam Grinter, whom she had known and liked from childhood, and fully intended to marry—"a'ter a bit,"

She peeped over the hedgerow (doubtless originally designed for purposes of observation, with a secondary intention of keeping stock from wandering), and watched Ashford steal up to the corner of the copse.

He raised his gun—lowered it—raised it again, and fired.

Sabina smiled, as the country people say, "all over her face." She knew full well he had missed; and for a moment he fell in her estimation.

He was not so very superior after all, she thought disdainfully. And to be afraid of a few nettles, too! A quick reaction succeeded to her elation, a slight contempt for so ineffectual a man; and Sabina determined without more ado to be "upzides wi'un, an' that afore long."

Under cover of the hedgerow she crept back to the hurdle. There, where the grass was rank from the moisture of the shade, and long from reaching towards the sunshine, and brambles sprawled across the narrow path into the wheat, she knelt and deftly twisted some half-a-dozen stalks of corn around a briar from the hedge and hid it among the herbage, as a poacher hides a snare. It was the old joke of the field laid up for hay, where maidens from time immemorial seek to catch the feet of unwary swains by tying bennets across the path. Then they stand in the distance, well in view, knowing that under such circumstances a youth, with all the wisdom of the seven sages, cannot look where he is going.

Sabina did not wait to witness the effect of her ingenuity. She hurried home; but the hour at which she usually met Sam was past, and a visitor often entails domestic duties, so she determined to bide about house that evening, and water the little knot of flowers in the garden before the door.

Christopher also did not go far away, but listened to count the reports of Ashford's gun and estimate the prospective bag. He regretted not having sent up the boy to bring back the game. Under any circumstances, that would have been prudent, and it might have been ironical.

It was getting dark when Ashford returned, his hand cramped by carrying a doe-rabbit of great weight and experience, and the mother-in-law at least of the colony in the copse. By a life of industry such a rabbit develops untold virtues, but tenderness is not among their number. Christopher's observant eye judged her true character at a glance.

"I've managed to bring along one for you, Mr. Chiselett," cried Ashford, airily.

"Not for me, Zir—not for me, thankee. You carr' un home to your friends, Mr. Ashford, Zir," replied Christopher, in his most hospitable and insinuating manner.

"Certainly not; I—"

"No, no. I wouldn't think o' it. You come over another night, any time you like, an' you shall gi'e I the next," conceded Christopher.

"Very well, I accept those terms," laughed Ashford, putting the rabbit in his cart.

"You'll please to take something, Mr. Ashford. Will 'ee please to walk in? No? Then quick, Sabina, bring on a cup o' cider."

Whilst the girl was gone Christopher fetched the pony and harnessed him "there-right." Ashford walked quickly round, inspecting buckles and bands, whilst Sabina stood waiting with the cup. The pony stamped and pawed with his hoof, nearly pushing Christopher off his little legs.

"Here's luck!" said Ashford.

"My respects!" drank Christopher.

"I'm afraid the pony won't stand."

"Get up, Zir. An' there's the house-field gate too. You run on, Sabina, an' ope' the gate."

"Oh, no, Miss Chiselett. Or, if you will be good enough, ride down to the gate."

"Ay, that's the way. Then you won't have to wait. Hop up, Sabina. Hop up, maid," urges her father.

So Sabina had no option but to get up by his side, and away they went into the dark, the pony pulling, the cart jolting on the uneven ruts.

She could not evade him now, and was unprovided with nettles.

"I have a great mind to drive away with you, Sabina, and never bring you back any more."

His low whisper, so close to her ear, the secrecy of the overshadowing darkness, and the intensity of his manner, all affected her imagination. So real sounded his passion that the foolish words might have expressed a future possibility, but for the home-field gate. This reality startled Sabina. When the thing ceased to be rollicking her heart failed—she instinctively withdrew and became faithful to young Sam.

The pony quieted into his pace, and Ashford put his arm around her.

"You good-for-nothing! You laid a trap for me and I fell. That makes twice in one evening, Sabina. You might have contented yourself with once."

"Don't! Bide quiet—"

"I fell in love. Over head-and-ears in love, Sabina. I—"

The pony suddenly shied. Someone had stepped forward and was pushing open the gate. Sabina leapt quickly from the cart.

"Hullo, Sam Grinter! Is that you?"

"I just waited when I saw the trap coming."

"Miss Chiselett very kindly came to open the gate for me."

"Aren't you coming into Church Farm?" asked Sam.

"I mustn't stay to-night, thanks. Good night! Good night, Miss Chiselett. Much obliged."

Young Sam walked home across the field with Sabina, but he was gloomy, and their conversation too scanty and disconnected to overpower the distant sound of the pony's pattering hoofs.

"You didn't come out to-night, Sabina," said he, in reproach, as they drew nigh to the homestead.

"I couldn't, Sam. There were so many little things to do."

"Have 'ee thought about what I said, Sabina?"

"What's that?"

"Why, about the Lower Farm."

Sabina was silent a moment. Had Sam been very agreeable, in that moment of fear and agitation, she must have promised; but his tone offended her.

"No. I ha'n't a-thought about that since."

CHAPTER XI.

"WHEN A PIQUE BEGAN."

Suddenly the perfect unanimity of Middleney became ruffled in the most unexpected manner. Everything was as calm as summer, and the meadow-sweet by the ditches filled the air with fragrance as sweet as the breath of love; when, lo! the seven adult opinions became at variance, and the tongues of Middleney began to wag and agitate themselves, like willow-leaves when the first foreboding sigh of tempest sweeps over the moor.

It began about the donkey and cart.

Old Sam Grinter possessed a donkey and cart, a quite ubiquitous object in the landscape around Middleney, always blocking the middle of any road by which a traveller sought to enter or leave the village. The anathemas consumed by that patient animal would have satisfied the soul of Satan. But she thrived on them and a few thistles, and was held by the neighbours in high repute. It was no uncommon incident, therefore, when Christopher's yellow-headed boy, in billy-cock hat and smock, came whistling down the road that morning.

They were looking at a "wonderful nice bullock," old Sam Grinter and cousin John Priddle. John Priddle was pinching the dewlap, and old Sam Grinter with his thumb was probing the rump; and then they slowly revolved around the object of their devotion in elliptical orbits, like planets around their sun. Old Sam Grinter therefore, although not quite free from gout, was in excellent spirits.

"Please, Zir, meäster don't know where or no you could lend the little dunkey an' cart for a bit."

Too deeply engrossed to answer, the farmer stooped and squinted, absorbed in an astronomical observation.

"Please, Zir, m—"

"That's a lie, bwoy! Your master do well know I can len' my own as I like."

"Please, Zir, meäster zed, he won't do 'un no harm."

"An' that's a lie, bwoy! If he do use 'un he mus' help to wear 'un out."

The boy grinned from ear to ear, and turned to depart.

"Stop!" thundered old Sam Grinter. "Tell your master, wi' all my heart. To be sure he can have the little dunkey an' cart, an' welcome."

"An' please Zir," continued the elated boy, "meäster zes he don't want 'un for long, an' zo zoon as ever he've a-done wi' un he'll zend 'un back—"

"Zend 'un back!" roared the farmer in affected alarm. "Dash my wigs an' veathers! don't you never zend back thik dunkey and cart to Zam Grinter o' Church Farm. Zay I'll zend for the little dunkey an' cart. Borrowers don't never zend back, tell thee meäster. An' for God's sake, don't 'ee never have thik rule a-brok't."

Thus Mr. Grinter playfully criticised the frailty of borrowing humanity, and again became absorbed with the bullock.

All would have been well but for Christopher's conscience.

But when the boy with literal fidelity delivered his message, recollection of a horse-collar and a pair o' hamses

crowded into Christopher's mind. He discovered a hidden meaning in old Sam Grinter's humour, and his soul sank rebuked. "There's a bushel bastick, too, bin here these twelvemonth; don't 'ee forget un," he urged.

So when Middleney elms cast long shadows across the roadway, and all the gnats and flies of even were darting zig-zag in the air, seeking whom they might devour, Christopher's boy, with alternate punishment and persuasion, propelled and dragged a reluctant animal past the church wall and village pound, up to the porch of the Church Farm.

The boy had worked harder than the donkey, and beads of perspiration hung upon his freckled brow, like evening dew on a cowslip, as he pointed triumphantly to the basket containing the collar and the hamses.

Old Sam Grinter put down his pipe and sprang to his gouty feet. The return of the forgotten loans recalled his half-forgotten morning joke.

"Bless my heart! Why, didn't I tell you to tell Mr. Chiselett I'd send for the dunkey an' cart?"

"Zo I did, Zir. Zo I did." The boy quailed. For old Sam Grinter waved his walking-stick, and being excited appeared to swell with anger as many substances expand with heat.

"Then what do he take Zam Grinter o' Church Farm vor?"

"I don't know, Zir. I don't know."

"Do he take Zammie Grinter for a nonsense-talker, I wonder?"

"I ca'an tell, Zir. I ca'an tell."

"Then take, I tell 'ee, an' drove back for your life. An' Mr. Grinter's compl'ments to Mr. Chiselett, an' he'll zend for the little dunkey an' cart, same as he said. You mid lef' the tothermy. Dash my buttons! Why, somebody'll be taking Zam Grinter for a vool next, I suppose."

As this awful supposition flashed across the farmer's mind he turned back into the porch and refreshed himself with a drink. Then he sat down and chuckled, wondering what masterpiece of humour Christopher would invent to parry this fine stroke of wit.

The boy did his best, sparing neither himself nor the little donkey, and eventually arrived before Christopher's gate, just as that worthy was departing for his evening stroll.

Christopher stood dumbfounded, with his hand on the hulse. It took him full a minute to find appropriate words.

"Why, you lazy young toad! Didn't I tell you to take—"

"Zo I did, Zir. Zo I did."

Christopher's twinkles and puckers became truly wonderful as the boy stammered out his story. Then he said with great suavity—

"Drive back, there's a good bwoy, as if the very wold Nick wer' pon your tail, and zay to Mr. Zammie Grinter, o' Church Farm, you ha'n't a-brought back the little dunkey and cart, but be only a-comed to ask at what time 't'll suit his convenience to zen for 'un."

Then Christopher continued his errand to Sophia's cottage.

He had not once clapped eyes on the widow since the evening when he removed the apple from the dumpling. Sometimes the house appeared to be empty; once the door was locked; yet although Christopher, wondering where she might have gone, loitered and watched until dark, his inquisitiveness was unrewarded, for he did not see her return that night. But just now cousin John Priddle's cart had been standing by the hatch, and so he felt assured she must be at home. He entered with great uneasiness, and an instinctive dread that something was amiss. Perhaps the dumpling had disagreed with Sophia.

She appeared to be expecting him as formerly. For days she had wept in secrecy, and her cheeks were thin and pale; but at last the spirit of resignation, the only reward of so many years of patient suffering, dried her eyes. It gave her strength to meet Christopher.

"Sophia!" he said.

"Mr. Chiselett!"

"Have anything a-bin the matter, Sophia?"

She paused, in doubt whether the reply which rose to her lips might in reality be the truth, and bent her head over her lap.

"I ha'n't a-bin feeling so terrible well, Mr. Chiselett."

"There's nothen' like herbs, Sophia. 'Tis better 'n all the physic," said Christopher, pensively. "There's broom-tay now for a cold chill—"

She only shook her head.

A great fear crept into Christopher's heart and his voice quavered with emotion as he asked: "You ha'n't a-heard anything, Sophia?"

"You do know I ha'n't a-heard nothen', Mr. Chiselett!" she burst out, with something of a long-forgotten asperity in her tone; then sinking again into her despair, "Ah! I shan't never hear nothen' no more," she sobbed, and the rich redundancy of her negatives only gave deeper expression to her poverty of hope.

"I've a-made up my mind, Mr. Chiselett," she presently continued, "to go away from here to where he last wrote from. Then I shall see if I can hear anything. I wer' talking to Mr. Priddle by now. God forgi'e me, I told 'un I had friends there, and he's a-gwain to find out the best way. I shall sell out an' leave Middleney. I've a told Mr. Priddle to see to it for me, an' he thought this mid be a goodish time as kip's so plenty and things be dear. I've a-settled it in my mind. I can't sit contented here no longer, but mus' go to once. I've a-got no heart in the place now."

"But you can never do it, Sophia," cried Christopher, in alarm. "It 'ud never in the world do. Why, you'd bring ruin by only asking for his name. An' if he should write a-ter you'd a-gone here-from—or send from abroad—where 'ud the letter be? An' you a-lost sight o', mayhap! No, Sophia. You can't never do it. I tell 'ee, you can't."

There was fear in his voice, in the urgency of his appeal; and in the quick, never-resting, glance of apprehension, so eager to ascertain the effect of his words, so unable boldly to meet the widow's tearful eyes. Her confidence in Christopher had been of long growth and deeply rooted, even in its fall still retaining some hold upon her heart. He had been kind. Her lingering gratitude, not forgetting that, in tender moments became his advocate, advancing strange inconsistent pleas which her reason presently dismissed as impossible. It could not be the same note. Somebody else must ha' made a cross.

Now his obvious alarm brought all the certainty of a confession. She rose from her chair.

"We won't have no words," she said abruptly. "'Tis a woful thing to talk o' breaking off old ties. I've a-had a heartworn o' trouble the better part o' my life, an' now the last straw is a-come to break 'un. I've a-asked John Priddle to carr' it all out vor me. For I do know more, Christopher Chiselett, than I do tell. I do know—but there, I won't bide to let out more

than I do mean to. But I thank 'ee for what you've a-done—avore now. An' zo there's a end."

She had moved towards the door, and with this went out, leaving Christopher alone.

Could she have found it out? Christopher stood there, staring at the kitchen dresser, and asked himself this question. Her utterances were enigmatical. Sophia must have found it out! That seemed clear enough, and yet the thing perplexed him greatly. By what channel could she have received testimony of a deception which his subtlety believed beyond the power of discovery? If any other knew as well as she it must be over the parish long ago. Yet certainly pity had overcome Christopher's fear, for, as he hobbled away on the irregular broken flag-stones of the garden path, his little bow-knees looked more rickety than usual.

Besides, he kept muttering as he went—

lying across the road blocking the way with a stubborn insensibility to argument never attained during life.

All of the parish were there but Sophia. Everybody we know, and others whose names have never risen into fame. Ashford's pony and cart waited on the other side, unable for the present to reach the gate of Christopher's home-field.

Young Sam was bending over the prostrate body to unfasten the harness. Old Sam Grinter was standing as erect and red in the wattle as a turkey-cock incensed by recent insult. And the boy was so tearful and explanatory that Christopher promptly administered a clout in the head, accompanied with an admonishment not to bide there a-kick-hammeren'. Certainly, in moments of excitement the boy did stammer.

In the humble opinion of the parish, the little donkey must have picked up something—yew-leaf for choice; but surely

"You crack 'un. You crack 'un," cried the gallant Christopher, taking off his hat, and laying bare that glistening orb in a most enticing manner.

The threat was probably a mere figure of speech, for Mr. Grinter refused with scorn the cordial invitation. "What"—as he pertinently inquired of the assembled multitude—"should I want a-breaking the girt timbern head o' the man?"

Nobody could answer, and the argument seemed to tell against Christopher. The parish, with that nimbleness of brain which is the leading characteristic of the inhabitants of those parts, had already seized the point; and opinion, although not expressed, was divided upon whether the little dunkey had died as a consequence of Mr. Chiselett's work or Mr. Grinter's fooling. As a rule, the parish fell back upon one incontrovertible position, that the little dunkey was so dead as a hammer—sure enough.



The boy did his best, sparing neither himself nor the little donkey, and eventually arrived before Christopher's gate, just as that worthy was departing for his evening stroll.

"Poor mortal!"
"Poor 'oman!"
"Poor soul!"

As it happened, Christopher's reflections were quickly cut short. From the top of the village came the sound of voices, raised so high and in such variety of tone that he instantly divined a crowd.

I will say this for Christopher—if the very Old Nick himself came to take in his harvest Christopher would wish to be in it. At least he would like to see the reaping as well as the rest. The spectacle of Sabina running, followed by old Sam Grinter in shirt-sleeves trying to run, and Mrs. Grinter, her hand pressed to her side to allay a stitch incurred by having run—all passing beneath the ash-trees at the four cross roads, one after another, like the movable figures on a magic-lantern slide, proved the occasion to be one of interest and demanding haste.

Christopher, as he afterwards explained, put his "best lag avore." But he was late.

The little dunkey had already breathed his last, and was

nothing but the inherent baseness of the animal could have induced him to drop at so critical a moment.

"Must a-comed from the churchyard yew by Church Farm barton gate. He were so right as a trivet when I send 'un back the first time," said Christopher, regretfully shaking his head.

"He couldn't a-bin," retorted old Sam Grinter. "He must a-had it in the belly o' 'un afore that. There's a tree in your garden—"

"I tell 'ee he didn't have nothen' to our place but a bit o' sweet hay."

"How do you know what he had? You did feed 'un wi' your vinger an' thumb, like lollipops, a mite to a time, I spose?"

The derision of this suggestion was too much for Christopher, already disquieted by his interview with Sophia.

"Why, you must be a gallis fool, Zam Grinter—"

"You call Zaminle Grinter o' Church Farm a gallis fool, Christopher Chiselett? Why, I'll crack the little bald crown o' 'ee for tuppence."

On this ground they dragged the carcase beneath the willow trees between the road and the rhine. They took home the cart. Then they returned to stand mournfully around until dark, enumerating the many virtues of the deceased.

On the following day, not wishing to miss the opportunity, people drove considerable distances to Middleney, for it is well known that the rarest sight in nature is a dead ass. They stopped also to discuss the comparative probability of the yew-tree in Christopher's garden and the yew-tree by the Church Farm gate. Some held with Sam Grinter; others gave their support to Christopher; but it was freely admitted by both parties that the little dunkey might have had a bit o' both.

Yet the deep importance of the contention was not fully recognised until it was understood that old Sam Grinter was looking to Christopher Chiselett to make the little donkey good.

And that Christopher had said that old Sam Grinter might look.

(To be continued.)



UNVEILING THE LOWELL MEMORIAL WINDOW IN THE CHAPTER HOUSE OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

MR. BAYARD, UNITED STATES AMBASSADOR: "The fame of those two gifted sons of America, Longfellow and Lowell, was wafted to and fro across the Atlantic to loving ears in the two countries whose people spoke the same mother-tongue."

THE ARDLAMONT MURDER TRIAL IN SCOTLAND.

The trial that is to begin on Tuesday next of Alfred John Monson for the attempted and for the actual murder of Windsor Dudley Cecil Hambrough will certainly be one



Photo by Midgley Asquith, Harrogate.

THE LATE LIEUTENANT HAMBROUGH.

of the celebrated criminal cases of the century. It possesses almost every possible element of interest. The indictment, or rather "indication," sounds like the scenario of the first act of a melodrama. With technical phrases and redundancies of legal language omitted, it is this: "Alfred John Monson . . . and Edward Sweeney, alias Davis, alias Scott . . . are indicated at the instance of the Hon. John Blair Balfour, and the charges against you are (1) that you, having formed the design of causing, by drowning, the death of Windsor Dudley Cecil Hambrough, . . . did in the execution thereof bore or cause to be bored in the side of a boat a hole, and having plugged or closed the said hole, on Aug. 10, 1893, you, A. J. Monson, in execution of said design, did in Ardlamont Bay in the Firth of Clyde, while the said boat was in deep water, remove or cause to be removed the plug for said hole and admit the water into and did sink the said boat, whereby the said W. D. C. Hambrough was thrown into the sea, and you, A. J. Monson and E. Sweeney, did thus attempt to murder him. (2) That on Aug. 10, 1893, at a part of a wood situated about 360 yards or thereby in an easterly or north-easterly direction from Ardlamont House, you, A. J. Monson and E. Sweeney, did shoot the said W. D. C. Hambrough and kill him, and did thus murder him, and you, E. Sweeney, being conscious of your guilt in the premises, did abscond and flee from justice."

The dead man, boy one might almost say, since he would not have come of age till next year, was one to whom Nature and Fortune were lavish; it hardly seems over-fanciful to suggest that Destiny was severe to him in order to correct their prodigality. He was a tall, strong, well-built youth, over six feet in height, whose face had beauty of the Saxon type—straight, firm features, blue eyes, with a charming individuality from their dark lashes, and a broad forehead crowned with golden hair. He was full of gaiety, and popular everywhere. Book learning was not greatly to his taste, yet he had a considerable knowledge of botany. In fact, he was like good Lord James of Douglas, who "loved

better to hear the lark sing than the mouse squeak," and he rejoiced in every form of manly sport and was intensely fond of his horses and dogs. Fortune had made him heir apparent to Steephill Castle and the Ventnor estates and property, said to be worth £7000 a year, and he was also heir presumptive to Pipe-well Hall, Northampton, and a property valued at £2000 per annum. It has been suggested that his father, through unproductive improvements of his property in the Isle of Wight, has been compelled to incur his life estate, nor is it surprising, for the island owes to the family a parish church, eight schools, and other public buildings; but, notwithstanding this, it is certain that the poor boy's expectations were brilliant.

Young Hambrough was of such stuff as splendid soldiers are made on, and his parents chose for him a military career. He joined the Militia, in which he held the rank of

was born in 1858, and is the son of the late Rev. T. J. Monson, Rector of Kirby-Underdale. After young Hambrough came into the hands of Mr. Monson and his wife, whatever may be the rights or wrongs of the case, it is certain that serious troubles began. For reasons concerning which it is not just to offer an opinion, the influence of the tutor and Mrs. Monson prevailed against that of the lad's parents, and he grew sadly estranged from them, and



Ardlamont
House
C. HENFEECHEL Sc.

visited them but rarely. Moreover, he became very extravagant, and money had to be raised for him, or at least by him, in all possible and undesirable ways. Till the facts are established on evidence, little is certain



THE KYLES OF BUTE: ENTRANCE TO THE NARROWS—VIEW TAKEN FROM ARDLAMONT HOUSE.

THE ARDLAMONT MURDER TRIAL IN SCOTLAND.

*Photo by Norman D. Macdonald.*

THE RIGHT HON. J. H. A. MACDONALD (LORD KINGSBURGH),
LORD JUSTICE CLERK OF SCOTLAND.

Dr. McMillan, and other facts that came to light, caused the affair to be inquiry into; Mr. Monson was arrested on a charge of murder, and the body was exhumed to see if it could tell whether the fatal gunshot wound was the result of accident or of one of the most cold-blooded murders on record. Since the arrest, the Scotch system of secret investigation has been employed with the utmost care to scrutinise the case, and the end is the shocking indictment of the two men. The newspapers have been full of unofficial unsatisfactory and inconsistent statements of facts and opinions about the case, to which no one will give great weight, seeing that the life of a human being is now at stake.

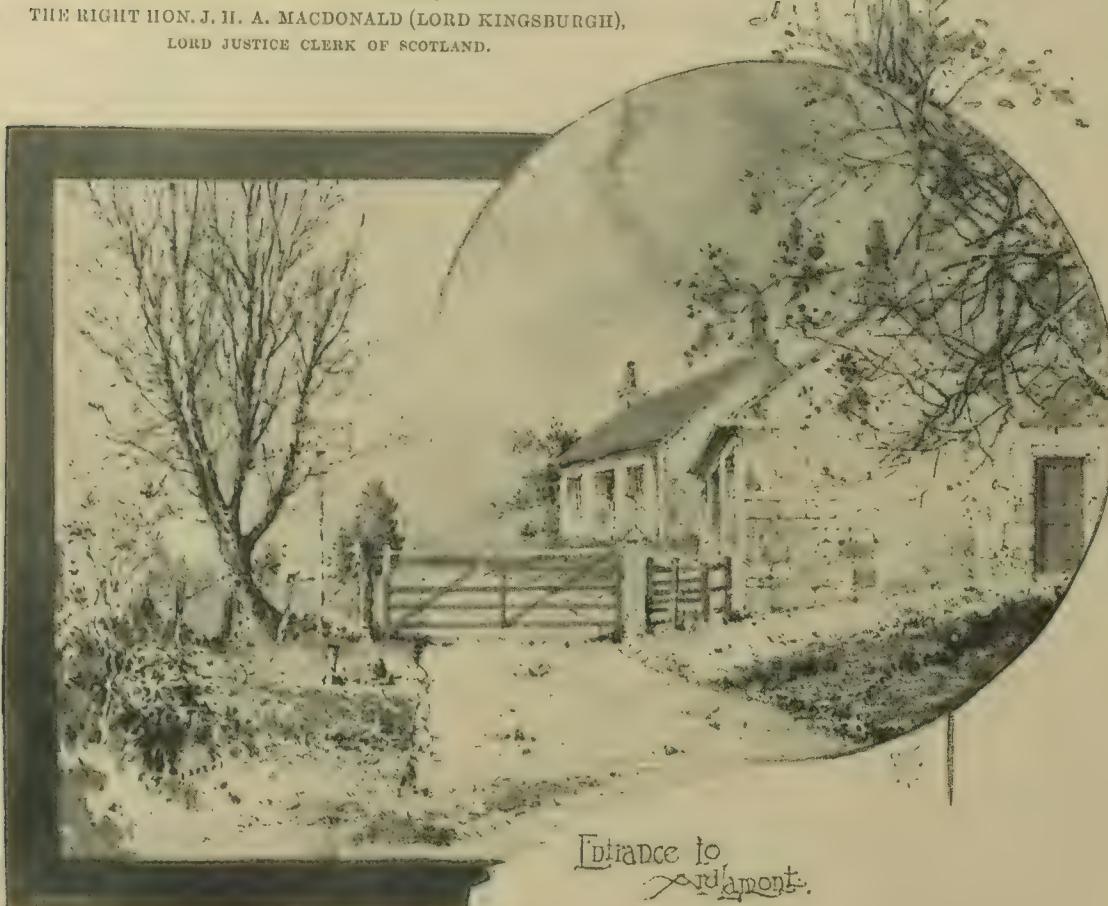
On Tuesday next, in Edinburgh, before Lord Kingsburgh (Lord Justice Clerk), will appear the Solicitor-General of Scotland, with Messrs. Strachan, Reid, and Baxter as advocates for the Crown,



PLACE WHERE THE BODY OF LIEUTENANT HAMBROUGH WAS FOUND.

while the prisoner is to be defended by Mr. Wilson. No less than 110 witnesses have been subpoenaed by the prosecution, and 266 dumb pieces of evidence will be produced. Meanwhile the police are searching everywhere for Edward Sweeney. It will be a fitting end to this dramatic case if he should be found at the last moment.

Mr. Henry Frowde, of the Oxford University Press, has eclipsed the previous record for the smallest Bible in the world. He has produced the "Brilliant Text Bible," containing 1216 pages, with maps, measuring $3\frac{1}{2}$ by $2\frac{1}{8}$ by $\frac{1}{8}$ in. The weight of this wonderful little edition, bound in limp morocco, is not quite three ounces. Another edition, entitled "The Brilliant Reference Bible"—likewise printed on the famous Oxford India paper—has the advantage of a column of references in the centre of each page, as well as excellent maps and a plan of the Temple. This book weighs $3\frac{1}{2}$ ounces. It is, one would imagine, hardly possible to achieve any further advance in this direction of small Bibles, while at the same time preserving the fine clearness of the type which distinguishes these volumes.



savo that the unhappy boy's too precarious life was heavily insured, and it is alleged that policies to a large amount were transferred to Mrs. Monson; it is also asserted that his sudden death prevented the completion of other substantial insurances that were on foot. Most of what happened between June of last year and the fatal August of this could only be learned from the briefs of counsel in the case, for the newspaper accounts are conflicting. It is at least sure that young Hambrough remained with the Monsions, and that though his friends and relatives say with confidence that he was not vicious or dissipated, his financial position became almost desperate at times, and yet he squandered money. In the summer of this year Mr. Monson went down to Ardlamont, a simple country house with an estate of 11,000 acres, beautifully situated on the promontory that separates Loch Fyne from the Kyles (or Straits) of Bute; Arran lies to the south and Cantire is on the west of it. A lease was taken of the place on behalf of the pupil and a Mr. Jerningham.

To Ardlamont came young Hambrough in August, and also "Edward Sweeney, alias Davis, alias Scott—known in racing circles as Ted Davis, or Long Ted"—a man for the discovery of whom all the resources of civilisation have been vainly employed. It now becomes difficult to speak without making indiscreet statements. The crude, blunt indication suggests the two terrible events that have to be investigated, and, as colourless facts, one may say that almost immediately after the death, Scott stole away and has lain hidden ever since. The matter narrowly missed being buried with the body of Lieutenant Hambrough at Ventnor, but the misgivings of



LITERATURE.

MR. STANLEY'S NEW BOOK.

My Dark Companions and Their Strange Stories. By H. M. Stanley. (Sampson Low and Co.)—Mr. Stanley's last African work is a little volume containing nineteen myths and fables. These narratives were collected and translated by Mr. Stanley from the original source in Africa, and they are here presented as being specimens of African lore and oral literature. With few exceptions, the stories betray an Eastern influence, which has filtered through East Africa from Zanzibar, and on this account it is doubtful if they will be considered to possess much scientific value for the student of folk-lore. One of the most interesting stories in the series is entitled "The City of the Elephants." It is simple, and it bears the true spirit of Central African lore. "The Creation of Man" is a remarkable myth; it indicates a high power of imagination, and the sequence of idea to be found throughout the narrative is worthy of an intellect more cultivated than that possessed by the average native of Central Africa. In a fable entitled "The Goat, the Lion, and the Serpent," we have a little story which is reputed by the narrator—one Baruti—whose life, by-the-way, would form a thrilling volume in itself—to have been related to him when a child in his Aruimi home. There is something obviously wrong about Baruti's statement: his story is founded upon the adventures of certain animals, among which are mentioned the lion, the zebra, and the giraffe, whereas no such animals exist within hundreds of miles of Baruti's home in the great forest. But Baruti's veracity was never to be relied upon. He was demoralised early in life by the so-called Arab bandits, who captured him and raided his home. As stories related by Zanzibaris and their native friends in the interior they are presented, and as such they are interesting specimens of primitive imaginations; but they cannot be said to represent the genuine lore of the Central African savage. The natives of most parts of Central Africa who have escaped intercourse with the Arab half-breed bandits from Zanzibar have but few fables and less traditions. Their imaginative faculties are not of a high order, their minds being contracted and wholly occupied with petty feuds and the ever-present danger of annihilation.

The stories are written in a style that is foreign to readers who are familiar with Mr. Stanley's African works. The reason of this lies in the fact that Mr. Stanley has merely acted as a translator, and has endeavoured to present each story, in all its profusion of curious fancy, as it was originally related by his followers. But it is difficult to keep this in mind, for we have been accustomed to originality of a different character from Mr. Stanley's pen. Although admitting the unreasonable demands of our expectation, it is nevertheless disappointing to search the pages of this little volume for the familiar pen-picture, and to find only the far-fetched utterances of toads and mythical kings. The element of human nature is absent, and the tales, interesting as they would assuredly be by the African camp-fire, fail to claim sympathy in present conditions. Had Mr. Stanley introduced us to the personality of each narrator, and given us a graphic sketch of the circumstances under which the tales were told, together with a suggestion of local colouring, it would have been a pleasant experience to many, who could then have pictured themselves in the audience.

Mr. Stanley's book is profusely illustrated, but it is a pity the artist was not in closer communication with the author. The drawings are devoid of African character. This, after all, is far more pardonable than the flagrant errors which are displayed in the drawing of African animals. For example, the African elephants are represented with the concave skull and small ears of the Asiatic species, but the most inexcusable blunder of all lies in the fact that the elephants are depicted with hocks!

HERBERT WARD.

FAIRY TALES.

More English Fairy Tales. Collected and edited by Joseph Jacobs. Illustrated by John D. Batten. (London: David Nutt, 1894).—After reaping in Celtic and Indian fairy-land, Mr. Jacobs returns in this volume to his earlier haunts, and gives us a sort of aftermath or second fruits of his harvest there. The forty-three specimens in "English Fairy Tales," published in 1890, represented barely one-third of the total number of which "traces were found in this country," and in reserving a few of the better-known types for the present volume, the collection maintains a more uniform value. That now issued does not, however, as the editor inclines to hope, surpass its predecessor "in interest and vivacity." Among its welcome contents are "Habretot," the Scotch variant of "Rumpelstiltskin"; the "Pied Piper" in an Isle of Wight version; some good examples of drolls and noodle tales, the "Wise Men of Gotham," of course, being of the number; while of tales in dialect (alas! "toned down") there are examples of those gathered by Mrs. Marie C. Balfour in the Lincolnshire "carts," as the drained swamps are called. These tales, in their native form, are of the highest value. Among the stories in which helpful plants and animals—grateful for favours received—are of the *dramatis personae*, Mr. Jacobs selects the "Old Witch," which Mrs. Gomme collected at Deptford. In this the girl who had rendered service to some baked bread, an apple-tree, and a cow, breaks a taboo which her witch-mistress imposes, and running off with a bag of money, takes refuge from the pursuing witch up the apple-tree, which declares it has not seen the girl "for seven year."

To have come across such a tale, with its echoes of the delightful old barbaric philosophy which invests all things with a common life, in the suburbs of London is a great "find" for the folklorist. Of stories of the gruesome sort Mr. Jacobs chooses the "Lambton Worm," congener of the swamp-haunting monsters that devour fair maidens and devastate the land. Caught on the Childe Lambton's hook one day, he threw the "worm" into a well, whence it issued and harried all the land, till, after a fruitless pilgrimage to Palestine, he returned and slew the monster, but, withal, broke his Jephthah-like vow to kill the first who met him as he crossed the threshold after his brave

deed. For that first was his father. And because the Childe kept not the oath "for nine generations of men none of the Lambtons died in his bed." There is, by-the-way, an excellent dragon story, "Assipatle and the Mester Stoor-Worm," hitherto unpublished, in Sir George Douglas's recent collection of Scotch fairy tales, which should be added to the "fire-drake" treasures of the folklorist.

For once the exigencies of space are welcome, in so far as they prevent us making a "Midshipman Easy" three-cornered duel of the contest between Mr. Jacobs and another distinguished folklorist on the subject of Mr. Jacobs's "lifting" of Lowland Scotch tales over the Border, and dressing them in English guise. We cannot approve the "concoction," or "rewriting," or "rearrangement" of the old tales, but half the cause of battle would have been removed had Mr. Jacobs entitled his volumes "British" instead of "English."

EDWARD CLODD.

MR. NORMAN GALE'S NEW POEMS.

Orchard Songs. By Norman Gale. (London: Elkin Mathews and John Lane.)—This volume makes one sure of Mr. Gale's gift. Charming and dainty as the two issues of "A Country Muse" were, one was not certain that Mr. Gale could keep it up. They were the primroses of poetry—the robin's song in Fleet Street. But though one never tires of flower and bird, but loves them the more for exquisite reiteration, we were not convinced that Mr. Gale could give us again nosegays as fresh, songs as joyous. "Orchard Songs" proves that he can, and has withal a manly note which was less apparent in the other volumes. One had a feeling, perhaps, about "A Country Muse" that it was slightly unreal, that laces and flounces are only tolerable in a Watteau pastoral, and that even where the milkmaids went simply attired, the place of perpetual shepherds' holiday was a "No Man's Land." There are several poems touched with deep feeling in "Orchard Songs," which garbs itself gaily in covers of apple-green. In his own special *genre* Mr. Gale does more sweetly than ever in such fragrant snatches as—

Hester Sinclair, whom I call
Lavender and love!

There is only one other man who could write such innocent-sweet things if he would, and that is Austin Dobson. "Orchard Songs" is all the sweeter because it cannot be said of it, as Sainte-Beuve said of a volume of Victor Hugo's, that "God is forgotten in it." KATHARINE TYNAN.

A ROMANTIC BOOK OF TRAVEL.

A Journey Through the Yemen. By Walter B. Harris, F.R.G.S. Illustrated from Sketches and Photographs taken by the Author. (William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London.)—This book is the result of a very remarkable journey made by Mr. Walter B. Harris in the beginning of the year 1892, when the intrepid and very daring adventurer successfully accomplished the task of reaching Sanaa from Aden, despite the vigilance of the unholy Turk and the existence of the sharp rebellion in the heart of Arabia Felix. The difficulties of such an expedition can only be understood rightly by those who turn to these engrossing pages. Yemen and the Yemenis are scarcely known to us, though scholars have worked apace during the decade; and we have come to set a great price on the intellectual and material wares of the East. The majority of people would be troubled to tell you without thought what are and what are not the natural boundaries of this land, so strangely picturesque, so scarred with the brand of tremendous antiquity, and the centre during recent years of so much militant brawling and hard fighting between the Turk and the Arab. This author casts a new and altogether powerful light on that which has been hitherto a dark picture. The narrative style of the second part of his work will carry many with him who know nothing of Niebuhr, and to whom Sir R. L. Playfair's history is a sealed book. Following his grimly exciting enterprise, one sees the Yemenis and their country under circumstances which are as entertaining as any one has known in any later-day work of the kind. The expedition started from Aden at a time when every Englishman there declared that it must end disastrously. Ahmed Feizi, who had recovered Sanaa from the Imam, was then in the capital putting down the rebellion of the Arabs with a strong hand. Although the great central plateau on which the three principal cities—Sanaa, Dhamar, and Yerim—stand was safely in the hands of the Turks, the mountainous country was yet alight with the watch-fires of the rebels. In the ravines, on the precipitous paths, in the villages perched high on the summits of bold and crag-bound plateaus, lurked the hordes of rebel troops, plundering and raiding, and defying the whole efforts of the Pasha and of his miserable bootless and half-starved mercenaries. Through such a country and through such bands did Mr. Harris travel, jogging death's elbow again and again, now lurking in pits by day, now crouching breathlessly by night in the shadows of the mountains, while the watch-dogs barked in the villages below, and men called out from the house tops to ask, "Who comes?" Nor, indeed, when Sanaa was reached had the traveller ended his troubles. Ahmed Feizi had no wish that an Englishman should see by what means a Turk overcomes the cry of an overtaxed people for retrocession and reform. The daring pioneer was clapped in a fever-haunted prison, hustled roughly by his Turkish guards, brought almost to death's door from the fumes which he breathed in a filthy cell, and then hurried to Hodaibah and shipped back to Aden. The account of this is written in such a pleasing style that the reader is as much carried away by it as by a powerful work of romance. Everywhere throughout the pages the author betrays fine artistic appreciation of the rugged grandeur of the mountain scenery in this land of wonders. He sketches the people with vigorous and broad touches which give a masterly detail to his narrative; and in his earlier chapters—dealing with Christianity and Islam, the history of the rebellion in Yemen, and the traditions of the country—he displays a scholarship both ripe and profound. He has illustrated the work himself from pictures and photographs, which do complete justice to his absorbing text.

MAX PEMBERTON.

THE

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THE MATABILI WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA: ATTACK ON THE LAAGER OF WAGONS.

F. C. & J. Woodville
1895

A GLIMPSE AT AMERICAN ART.

American Illustrators. By F. Hopkinson Smith. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1892-93.)—We should have been grateful for this glimpse into the Bohemian world of American art, even if it had not been produced in a style so sumptuous as to place it among the most attractive gift-books of the season. Mr. Hopkinson Smith is well known not only as a writer upon art, but as the friend and



"THE VIKING'S DAUGHTER."—BY F. S. CHURCH.

companion of the leading New York artists of the day; and he might with advantage to his European readers extend his *cruiseries* to the manners and ways of others besides those who are known as "illustrators." He takes us, in succession, to the Century Club, the Tile Club, Oscar's Restaurant, near the New York Royal Academy, to Robert Blum's studio, and, finally, to the exhibition of the Royal Academy itself. He gives many personal traits of the leading artists who are prominent at each place, and supports his theories as to their position in the art-world by studies from their works. Of these, some are full-paged and printed in colours, with very great credit to the method employed; while others—and these are the most distinctly characteristic—are introduced into the text with no niggard hand.

Our immediate interest is with the letterpress, and the glimpses it gives us of what is thought about art and artists. From Mr. Hopkinson Smith's point of view, the question of reproduction in black and white is the question of most prominent interest to "illustrators"; and consequently we find that at the Century Club and elsewhere the conversation among the members turns very much on the relative merits of the various processes. At the same time we are enabled to gather what is thought of the leading members of each coterie by their fellows. At the Century Club it is evident that Mr. E. A. Abbey is most prominent and popular. "The spirit of Old England is his, as much so as it was Herrick's or Goldsmith's or any other singer of ballad or song," is the judgment pronounced on him by one of his appreciative fellow-countrymen. As an illustrator only, Mr. Abbey has in Mr. C. S. Reinhart—the most cosmopolitan of artists—a dangerous yet a friendly rival. At the Tile Club, which has existed for years without any one of its members ever having contributed one penny towards its annual expenses, Mr. A. B. Frost, the caricaturist, and

Mr. Fred Remington, the sketcher of Indians and of horses in movement, are, perhaps, the most highly esteemed; although Mr. W. T. Smedley, Mr. T. de Thulstrup (who was at Paris during the siège and the Commune), Mr. Albert E. Sterner (the illustrator of "Prou and I"), and Mr. George Carter (a sort of American Du Maurier) are among those in great favour. "The Proposal," by Mr. Sterner, may be a sketch for a picture which will be a sequel to "The Bachelor," which obtained for the artist an honourable mention at the Salon of 1891. At "Oscar's"—a restaurant not far from the New York Academy—"famous for its foaming mugs of bock" and its meetings of painters and students, we are introduced to Mr. Howard Pyle, the illustrator of several of Dr. Holmes's stories; to Mr. Elihu Vedder, known best in this country by his illustrated edition of "Omar Khayyām"; to Mr. Dana Gibson, "the inventor," in black and white, of the American Girl; and to Mr. F. S. Church, one of the most promising artists of New York, whose "Viking's Daughter," here reproduced, is in reality a fine realisation of American womanhood.

Mr. Robert Blum, one of the chief supporters of *Scribner's Magazine*, is a man of even more versatile attainments, and has studied costume and character from China to Peru—or at least from Venice to Japan; while Mr. Joseph Pennell, content with a less extensive field, can in a few thoughtful touches convey equally accurate ideas of the Matterhorn or a Gothic cathedral, a Provençal bull-fight or Piccadilly in the season, the bustle of Charing Cross Station or the still repose of the houses which rise from the Stour in the midst of Canterbury.

Of others not less distinguished, but perhaps scarcely so well known in England as they deserve to be, these "Notes from a Divan" convey much useful information in the form of genial gossip. W. H. Gibson, Metcalf Zogbaum, Kemble, Irving Wills, and others are, as the authors of much clever work in the American "monthlies," known at least by name, and we are therefore all the more glad to have their personality brought more vividly before us. "The Doctor," who acts throughout as Mr. Hopkinson Smith's speaking-trumpet and master of the ceremonies, introduces these draughtsmen, and tells us much that is worth knowing as to how they have reached their present position and from what sources they have drawn their inspiration and their training. In its present form, Mr. Hopkinson Smith's



"ON THE STOUR."—BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

volume is intended only for those who care to possess expensively produced works, in which the art adornments over shadow the literary pretensions; but there is also a class whose tastes and pockets would be alike consulted if the letterpress and smaller vignettes were published in a more popular form.

ART NOTES.

Great credit is due to Mr. Mendoza for his persevering efforts to sustain work in black and white as an art distinct from that of the illustrators. There is always something of interest at the St. James's Gallery (King Street, St. James's), and the present exhibition is no exception to this rule. Mr. Vincent Yglesias probably goes farther than the majority in giving a poetic feeling to his

landscapes, as in his "Canterbury from St. Martin's" (59) and "The Rising Morn" (258). Mr. Thomas Hammond's "Wave Study" (189) and his bit of coast scenery near Broadstairs (176) are instances of what effects can be produced by skilful hands with a very limited range of colour. Mr. Richard Beavis's "Going into Winter Quarters" (177) reminds us that we have one draughtsman, at least, who is master of the horse under all conditions.

In the studies in black and white the anecdotal style must necessarily hold a place; but it gives an opportunity to many of the artists to show their skill as delineators of animals. Among the most successful in this way are Mr. Stephen Dadd's "Bruin on Tour" (10), Mr. Arthur Batt's "The Keeper's Cob" (19), Mr. Muloch's "Somebody's Luggage" (29), guarded by two delightful terriers; Mr. Noel Johnson's "The Corrie Provost" (39), in many ways the cleverest bit of character study in the rooms; Miss Fannie Moody's "Studies of Persian Kittens" (94), and Mr. H. M. Livens's "Studies from Croydon Fair" (119, 130). Among the figure studies the first place will without controversy be accorded to Meissonier's "Wounded Mousquetaire" (125); but a word should be said also of Mr. E. Taylor's "Study of a Girl's Head" (24), and a portrait (229) by Mr. H. P. Jackson, which is full of life and reality.

The picture, however, which will probably be most popular is Mr. Nelson Drummond's "H.M.S. Victory" (291), with which the general exhibition is brought to a close, although outside the stern limits of black and white is a series of pastels by the same artist, illustrative of Thames scenery. In his rendering of the old man-of-war, Mr. Drummond has been well advised in depicting her half shrouded in the evening twilight. Through this her three decks, pierced for more than a hundred guns, seem to loom half hidden in the mist of a century, but still throwing into the background the more effective but less majestic ironclads of our time.



"THE PROPOSAL."—BY A. E. STERNER.

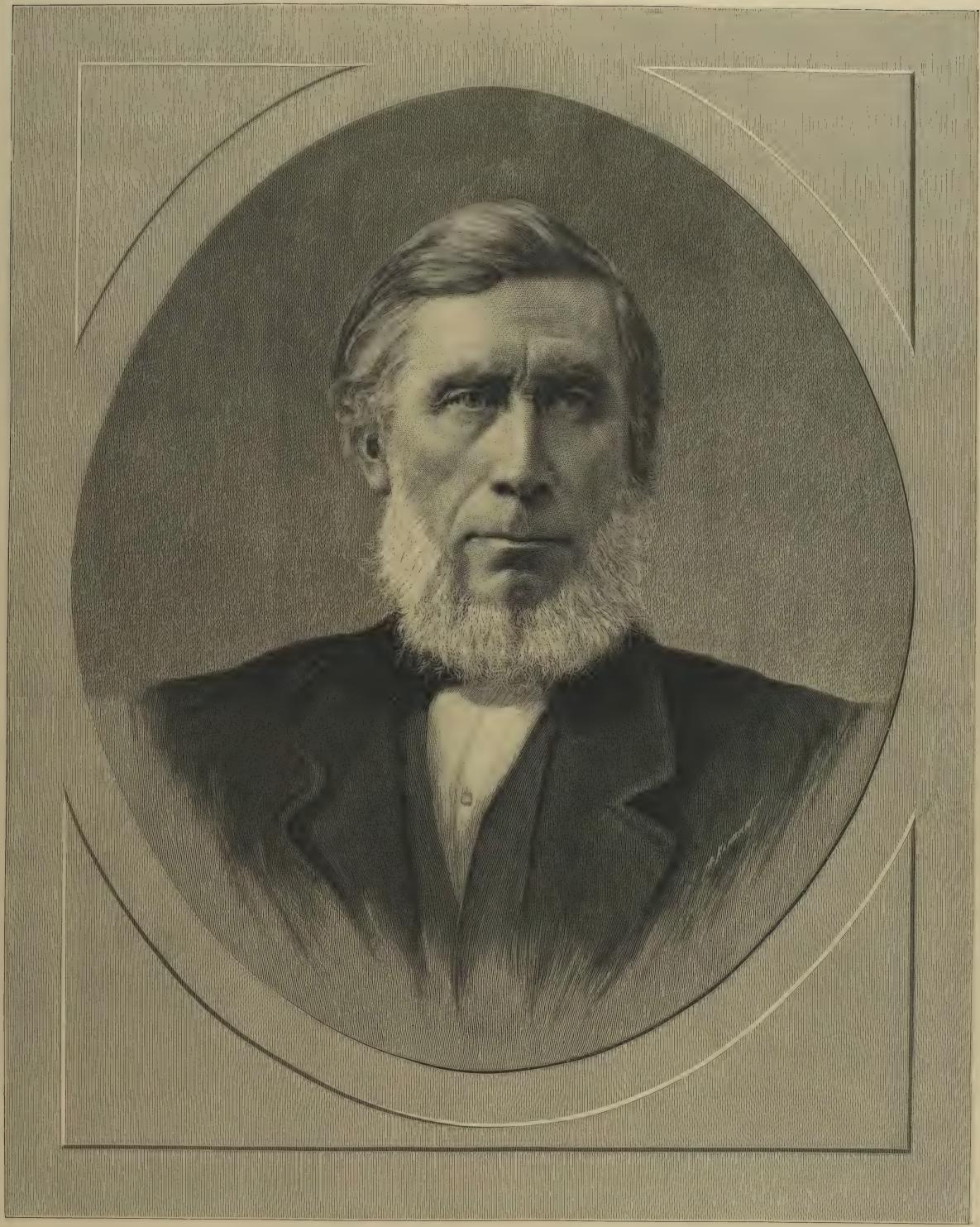


Photo by Barrad, Oxford Street, W.

THE LATE PROFESSOR TYNDALL, F.R.S.

BORN, AUG. 21, 1820. DIED, DEC. 4, 1893.

THE GABIONS OF JONATHAN OLDBUCK.

BY ANDREW LANG.

Mrs. Maxwell Scott has piously fulfilled, as far as now it can be fulfilled, a design of her great-grandfather, Sir Walter Scott. When "Count Robert of Paris" was going sadly against the grain, when that great mind of Scott's was breaking down, yet was clamorous for work, Cadell, the publisher, suggested a catalogue of the Abbotsford curiosities, with anecdotes. Sir Walter liked the idea, and called the essay "Reliquiae Trotcosianæ," after the Abbey of Tretcosey and the curios of Jonathan Oldbuck, the Antiquary. "Gabions" he also styled the treasures, from a favourite term of an old Perth antiquary of the seventeenth century. Sir Walter began the book with his own hand, but, knowing his hand well, I have never seen it so cramped, so hopeless, as in these few wandering lines. Later Will Laidlaw held the pen for him, but he wrote very little after all, and it is especially to be regretted that he did not finish his account of one of the most characteristic libraries in the world. Here are as many bogey books as the Ephesian converts burned; here is all ballad lore, all Stuart tracts, all Covenanting sermons and pamphlets, and many volumes are enriched with Sir Walter's manuscript notes. However, the pen fell from his hand. Meanwhile Mrs. Maxwell Scott, by help of

feel quite sure that he was perfectly convinced of this in his own mind. He certainly resented it when some of his young people made experiments. The little staircase in the study, by which he could escape from a bore, is presided over by a portrait of "Bonnie Dundee," which caused Mr. Train to suggest the writing of "Old Mortality." Dundee does not show in the illustration by Mr. Gibb. The portrait of Beardie, the ancestor who wore a beard for King James, is visible, as is the Tweed through the window in the picture of the dining-room, where Sir Walter died, as Lockhart describes in a beautiful passage, with the murmur of his dear river falling on his ear. His white beaver hat, his walking-stick, with a leather tip (a glove-finger sewn on) to prevent him from slipping, and his dark green coat are here. The leather covering, though Mrs. Maxwell Scott does not notice the fact, was put on when Scott went to see the graves of Charles III. and Henry IX. in Rome, his latest pilgrimage to any Stuart shrine. There remains a hasty pencil sketch, by a young artist, of Sir Walter at that time: a shrunken figure, between his daughter, "The Lady Anne," and a Miss Mackenzie. This is probably the last portrait of the old man, and perhaps it might have been reproduced. The artist has jotted down the colour of the clothes, which are those designed by Mr. Gibb. The leather on the stick looks more durable than the glove-tip spoken of by

another skene-handle, with his initials, was found not long ago at Glenshira, near Inveraray, where the Duke of Argyll "gave Rob wood and water." The sword is a common basket-hilted Andrea Ferrara. A pair of thumbscrews speak of the Covenant, and must have extracted a good deal of information in their day. Then we have an old Border War horn and the hunting flask of James VI., "of what authority is uncertain," says Sir Walter. A case of knives is attributed, on what evidence is unknown, to Prince Charles. The door of the Heart of Midlothian, the jail, is the last gabion illustrated. The view of Abbotsford is a little too green, and less successful than in Mr. Gibb's designs of relics and gabions. It is a charming volume, and everyone concerned has "done all that man may do" to make it perfect.

EARTHQUAKE AT KUSHAN, IN PERSIA.

A telegram from Teheran, the capital of Persia, gives further details of the recent disastrous earthquake in Kushan and the surrounding district. The first shock was felt on Nov. 17, at half-past seven in the evening. It completely destroyed the town of Kushan and all the villages within a distance of seven miles, many of the inhabitants being buried beneath the ruins. The shocks continued until Nov. 24. Up to that date, about a hundred



THE CITY OF KUSHAN, IN PERSIA, RECENTLY DESTROYED BY AN EARTHQUAKE.

Lockhart, of letters, of traditions, has compiled "Abbotsford: the Personal Relics and Antiquarian Treasures" of Sir Walter Scott," and Mr. Gibb has drawn in colours the gabions, excellently reproduced in the style of those exhibited in the Stuart Collection (A. and C. Black). Here is a book worth possessing, and likely to be dear to all who, having visited Abbotsford, desire a memorial of the great Magician.

Mrs. Maxwell Scott's task has been very difficult. Of many of his odds and ends, only Sir Walter knew the history, which has perished with him. After his death, Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, in a very ungenerous spirit, used to sneer at the authenticity of many of the treasures. Sharpe's own collection was not a whit more authentic. People were fond of making Scott presents of what he was likely to value, and often, no doubt, he did not care to "look a gift-horse in the mouth." His great double-desk, copied from one at Rokeby, and his well-worn armchair in which he wrote, are authentic enough. After his death little relics of his father and mother, and locks of his brothers' and sisters' hair were found carefully deposited in the desk. The hair is still bright—gold, or golden brown. Here is the silver taper-stand which he bought for his mother with his first fee as an advocate. The desk has a double face, so that an amanuensis might work opposite him. Here are the tall suits of feudal armour, and the door leading into the hall where Scott, after Byron's death, saw an hallucinatory figure of Byron, as he tells in his "Demonology." He says that the figure resolved itself into an arrangement of cloaks, but I never

Lockhart. Scott's well-coloured meerschaums are here, but in his last years he preferred a cigar, a good many cigars. Montrose's sword, presented to the Great Marquis by King Charles, is here: Scott purchased it from Graham of Gartmore. The Duke of Montrose once spoke, in jest, of coming with his clan and seizing it; Scott merely replied that Abbotsford is very near Philiphaugh, where "the Scotts oot ower the Grahams they ran," as the ballad says. It is a splendid sword, with the royal arms and a Latin inscription. Napoleon's pistols, rifled, are here: with these Sir Walter meant to fight General Gouraud, but it never came to a duel. Lockhart says that the novelist was a good pistol-shot. A fine Highland pistol is attributed to Claverhouse, but there are no attesting documents. Napoleon's green blotting-book, all N's and bees, was from his carriage taken at Waterloo. Queen Mary's seal, the Scotch royal lion and "M.R.", is a valuable piece in decorative silver; there is no account of how Sir Walter obtained it. There is a pathetic bit of oatcake from the pocket of one of the Prince's starving army at Culloden. Had they been fed on Cumberland's beef, that hero would never have reached the Tweed. Some poor Donald was killed, and here is the crust that lay in his pocket, and many had not a crust. The Prince dined on a piece of bread and a glass of whisky, so bare was the country. Prince Charles's quaigh is an ordinary but genuine piece, with a glass bottom, and a properly attested pedigree. Sir Walter usually drank out of it when the quaighs, of which he had many, went their rounds. It has a silver lip, and holds a good deal of whisky. Rob Roy's gun, sword, and skene are here;

and sixty distinct shocks were counted. On Nov. 23 a great storm occurred. Heavy rains fell during the day and snow during the night, greatly increasing the sufferings of the inhabitants, who were camping out in tents. Supplies of food were being sent from the surrounding district and from Meshed, where slight shocks of earthquake have also been felt. According to the official reports, the total population was 20,000, and of this number three-fifths were killed, while 50,000 animals perished.

The town of Kushan, in Khorassan, the north-eastern territory of the Persian Empire, is situated not very far south of the Russian Transcaspian frontier, being seventy-six miles south of Askabad, and nearly a hundred to the north-west of Meshed, visited by our Special Artist, Mr. William Simpson, on his journey to accompany the Afghan Boundary Commission. It is several hundred miles beyond the capital of Persia. The province of Kushan, a broad fertile valley, watered by the Atrek River, extending sixty miles below the Shah Jehan range of mountains, was an old Kurdish principality, and its Governor is styled the Ilkhani. In the Hon. G. N. Curzon's excellent book of travel and statistical study we find some account of the town, which contained 12,000 people. The curious earthen mounds with doors, in the foreground of our view, are brick kilns.

The latest telegram, dated from Teheran, Dec. 1, says, "Kushan is a heap of ruins; not a house remains standing. It is estimated that the loss of life has been two deaths to every house. There is some talk of building a new town to the eastward."

THE LATE EARL OF WARWICK.

We regret to notice the death, on Saturday, Dec. 2, of the Right Hon. George Guy Greville, fourth Earl of Warwick since 1759, when that ancient title, become extinct in another family, was added by royal patent to those of Francis Greville, Baron and Earl Brooke. The Grevilles, an old Gloucestershire family known from the time of

from Ambrose Dudley, elder brother of the famous Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, the owner of Kenilworth, had passed to a family named Rich, the last of whom died in 1759. "Vix ea nostra vovo," is the nobly modest motto of the Grevilles, who have, in successive generations, maintained as fair a reputation as any English aristocratic house can boast. The possession of Warwick Castle, one of the most renowned and characteristic

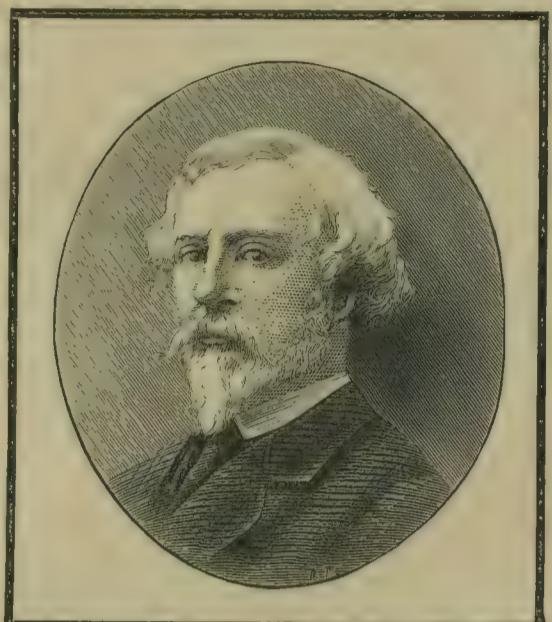
buildings rises on the high bank of the tranquil stream. Eight centuries have contributed or witnessed to its lordliness; the mighty towers, the battlemented walls and fortified gateways and grassy moat, the inner court of rich greensward, the imposing architectural groups from different points of view, are scarcely to be surpassed in dignity of aspect. Yet there is no forbidding feature; the gardens and conservatory, the interior of the great hall and the beautiful state drawing-rooms, and the park across the river, with its fine trees, cedars, oaks, and



WARWICK CASTLE.

Edward III., acquired high eminence in the Tudor reigns; and one, Sir Fulke Greville, intermarried with the heiress of the Willoughbys, obtaining thereby the estates of Lord Brooke and Lord Beauchamp, in Warwickshire. His grandson, of the same name, was the accomplished Elizabethan courtier, scholar, and true knight, the intimate friend of Sir Philip Sidney (an

abode of the old nobles who figure grandly, like the powerful "King-maker" of the Wars of the Roses, in the earlier history of this realm, is more enviable than a dukedom. In that delightful rural district near Kenilworth, through which, from Stoneleigh Abbey, beneath Guy's Cliff, past Leamington, and by the antique town of Warwick to Stratford-on-Avon, the most



THE LATE EARL OF WARWICK.

elms, make it a most desirable mansion. The collection of pictures is rich in good works of the Dutch painters, and in portraits by Holbein, Vandyke, and other famous artists. The "Warwick Vase," a celebrated work in marble, by a Greek sculptor, from Hadrian's Villa at Tivoli, is preserved in the conservatory. Queen Elizabeth and Queen Anne have slept in Warwick Castle, and Queen Victoria in 1858. The late Earl, with his Countess, a daughter of the late Earl of Wemyss, here received the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, in June last year, when the meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society was held in the park.



THE ARMOURY, WARWICK CASTLE.

honour and merit inscribed on his tomb), who became Chancellor of the Exchequer under James I., from whom he received a grant of Warwick Castle, and was created Baron Brooke. He died unmarried, but his kinsman, the second Baron of this line, was a distinguished general of the Parliamentary army at the beginning of the Civil War. In the meantime, the Earldom of Warwick, descending

classical of English rivers flows amid parks, woods, and meadows to the birthplace of Shakspere, this fine range of strong and stately



THE RED DRAWING-ROOM, WARWICK CASTLE.



THE GREAT HALL, WARWICK CASTLE.



SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Last summer will, of course, long be remembered as a phenomenal season in respect of its uninterrupted fineness, a characteristic which may be said to have antedated summer itself, and to have also persisted late on into the autumn. Speaking on the summer at a recent meeting of the Royal Meteorological Society, I observe Mr. F. T. Brodie stated that from March to June the absence of rain was distinctly phenomenal. During these four months also, the barometric pressure was about four degrees above the average. The duration of sunshine, it is also stated, was the longest on record. It is particularised that on the south and south-west coasts the sunshine represented between 50 and 60 per cent. of the possible duration. In the south of England the rainfall was less than one-third of the average, while in Durham, Northumberland, and the south of Ireland the rainfall was less than half the average amount. Altogether, 1893 is a year to be remembered, not only by meteorologists, but by unscientific folks as well, for its glorious weather and its practically continuous sunshino from March to October. May 1894 prove even half as pleasant, and we shall be well content.

Some curious experiments were lately made by Dr. Mesmer by way of solving the question whether or not rifle-bullets are liable to carry infection with them in their course of entry into the body. He made his trials with bullets which had been infected with germs of particular kind; and the infected bullets were shot into tin boxes from distances varying from 225 to 250 mètres—a mètre being nearly 3 ft. 3 in. Inside the boxes was placed gelatine peptone in a sterilised or germless condition, so that whatever germ-developments were found in the peptone (which is a great growing medium for microbes) would be presumed to have come from the bullets. The tracks of the bullets through the gelatine were duly scrutinised, with the result that in each case germ-growth took place corresponding to the particular microbes with which the bullets had been respectively infected. In another series of investigations, the bullets were made to pass through infected flannel before penetrating the gelatine, the bullets being of ordinary kind. Here, again, microbial growths appeared in the gelatine, showing that the flannel had yielded up its microbes to the bullets as they traversed it. If non-infected and ordinary bullets were used, the gelatine developed only the ordinary germ-life, such as the air contains. The bullet is, therefore, a germ-carrier of very decided kind, and it is also clear that if clothing be penetrated by a bullet prior to its entrance into the tissues, the missile will be liable to carry into the wound it makes the bacteria resident on the clothes.

A correspondent asks if it is not possible to raise one's voice or to use one's pen against what he terms "the horrible in scientific fiction." He remarks on the prominent part which science plays in the work of the modern storyteller, and also notes that more than one scientific man has turned novelist, with greater or less success. What my correspondent specially objects to, however, is the occasionally gruesome nature of modern fiction when science is drawn upon by way of illustration or plot. He instances one particular short story in the number of a certain six-penny magazine issued last month; a story written by a scientist who has turned his attention to literature with much success. I have read the story, and I agree with the gentleman who protests against it as a very gruesome and unpleasant bit of work. The diabolical revenge on a faithless wife is described in terms at once graphic and realistic, but old and hardened novel-reader as I am, and much as I may admire the author's cleverness, I confess to thinking that this style of thing is just a little beyond the limits of pleasant and wholesome fiction. I should like to think of fiction as Mr. Clement Scott thinks of the stage. Its aim is to amuse, to interest, often incidentally to instruct, but always, let us hope, to elevate us, to make us admire what is good and true, and to assist us in our aspirations after better things than we now possess or practise. I may be old-fashioned in entertaining such notions, and I may be laying myself open to criticism when I assert that much one reads in the way of modern fiction is decidedly on the down-grade track. Certainly the story of a horrible revenge to which my correspondent alludes cannot amuse; and it will certainly cause even case-hardened people to lay down the magazine, and to assert that while the story may be clever, original, and smart, it is not such a tale as one would wish one's girls to read, since it leaves anything but a pleasant taste in the mouth after its perusal.

The topic of suicide has always possessed a fascination for the worker in vital statistics, and the subject itself is extremely interesting from points of view connected with its prevalence, its methods, and its relations to natural prosperity or the reverse, in different countries. One of the latest declarations on suicide which has been issued has been published in the *Journal Officiel*, and has reference to the increase of self-destruction in France. Dealing with the figures for the year 1890, it is reported that no fewer than 6376 males and 1834 females committed suicide across the Channel, a total of 8410. The report takes us back at least thirty years, and shows an increasing prevalence of suicide in France. Thus from 1861 to 1865 the number was 4661, or 12 per 100,000 inhabitants; from 1866-70, 4990 cases were reported, a proportion of 13 to the 100,000; from 1871-75 there were 5276 cases, or a proportion of 15; from 1876-80, the number was 6239, or 17 in proportion to the 100,000. From 1881-85 there were 7339 cases, a proportion of 19; and from 1886-90, 8226 cases occurred, or a proportion of 21 to the 100,000. Are these results due to an increase of the neurotic temperament? Or, to put the matter more broadly, is an increase of suicide the inevitable result of the high pitch of modern civilisation, with all its excitement, brain-fag, brain-worry, and, let me add, with an increased struggle for existence, a greater hopelessness of life at large to the many, and a more settled conviction of despair? I do not pretend to answer these questions. The pity of it all is that anybody should find life not worth living, or should fail to find anything that might make him or her pause before seeking relief in the silence of the eternal.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Dr. F. ST. (Camberwell).—All three admit of a mate by 1. Kt to Q 5th (ch), K takes Kt; 2. Q to Q 6th, mate.
 C. BURNETT (Biggleswade).—Problem marked for insertion.
 T. T. BLYTHE.—"Chess Exemplified," by W. J. Greenwall. Apply to J. M. Brown, 19, Bagby Street, Leeds.
 P. R. (Southsea).—Your contention is quite right and your friend wrong. It does not matter what is on the board at the time, and you can therefore have as many Queens as there are Pawns to promote.
 F. HURLEY (Wolverhampton).—It is not easy to turn to the file at the moment, but if you will send us the position we will try to find the solution.

J. W. SHAW (Montreal).—Again thanks.

A. F. MACKENZIE (Jamaica).—Slips to hand, for which we are much obliged.
 CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2586 received from W. F. Jones (Bellville) and E. J. Hobday, M.D. (San Diego); of No. 2587 from E. W. Brook; of No. 2588 from H. S. Brandreth, Thomas Emerson, C. M. A. B., E. W. Brook, J. F. Moon, and Brockley; of No. 2589 from G. Spencer, J. F. Moon, T. Emerson, E. W. Brook, Rev. G. T. Carpenter, J. D. Tucker (Leeds), Brockley, W. R. B. (Plymouth), John Jonas (Chester), O. Pearce, R. Worsters (Canterbury), Frank H. Rollison, Alfred Pettipher, John Meale (Macclesfield), Admiral Brandreth, T. Butcher (Cheltenham), and Edward Laing Meeson.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2590 received from J. Coad, T. G. (Ware), N. Maw, J. D. Tucker, A. H. B., W. P. Hind, A. W. Hamilton-Gill (Exeter), A. J. Haigood (Haslar), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), Dr. F. St., R. Worts, B. D. Knox, L. Beirland (Bruges), W. David (Cardiff), F. J. Knight, T. Emerson, Tabauter, L. Desanges (Brighton), Admiral Brandreth, J. Dixon, Rev. G. T. Carpenter, W. R. Railem, Thomas Isaac (Maldon), C. E. Perugini, A. Newman, Julius Short (Exeter), Brockley, Sorrento, Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), E. F. H., H. S. Brandreth, Fr. Fernando (Glasgow), T. Roberts, T. Shakespeare (South Yardley), Louise E. Holmes, Dr. Tidwell (Morecambe), Joseph Wilcock (Chester), G. R. Hargreaves (Brighton), Shadforth, T. T. Blythe, Charles Burnett, J. Ross (Whitley), Alpha, Ubique, G. Joicey, W. R. B. (Plymouth), B. H. Brooks, Frank H. Rollison, N. Harris, Blair Cochrane (Clewer), and H. B. Hurford.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2589.—By R. KELLY.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. B to B sq	Any move.
2. Mates.	

This problem can also be solved by 1. Q to R sq.

SOLUTION OF MRS. BAIRD'S PRIZE PROBLEM.

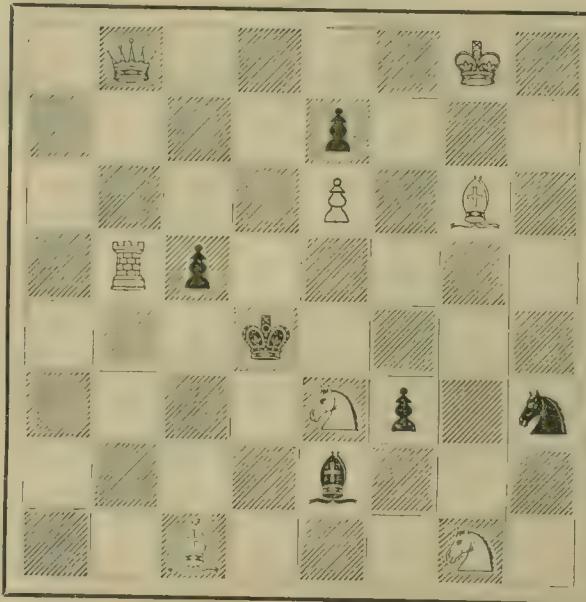
WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Q to Q R 8th	K to B 3rd
2. Q to R 8th (ch)	K moves
3. Kt mates.	

If Black play 1. K to Q 3rd, 2. Kt to B 4th (ch); and if 1. K to B 5th, then 2. Kt takes P (ch), &c.

PROBLEM NO. 2592.

By W. PERCY HIND.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN ST. PETERSBURG.

Game played in the match between M. TSCHIGORIN and Dr. TARRASCH.

(French Defence.)

WHITE (M. T.)	BLACK (Dr. T.)	WHITE (M. T.)	BLACK (Dr. T.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd	25. B to Kt 2nd	B to Kt 2nd
2. Q to K 2nd	B to K 2nd	26. Kt to B 6th (ch)	K to Kt 2nd
3. P to Q Kt 3rd	P to Q 4th	27. Kt to R 5th (ch)	K to Kt sq
4. B to Kt 2nd	B to B 3rd	28. B takes Kt	P takes B
5. B takes B		29. P to K 6th	B to B 3rd

It would appear to most players who are conversant with the Fianchetto that White should retain the Bishop. But this necessitates P to K 5th here instead, and as to the wisdom of this opinion I differ. We see no objection to it.

5. P to K 5th	Kt takes B	6. P to K 2nd	B to K sq
7. Q to Kt 4th	Castles	8. P to K 4th	Kt to Q B 3rd
8. P to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	9. P to Q 5th	P to Q 5th
10. Kt to B 3rd	P takes P	11. Kt takes P	Kt to B 4th
12. P to Q 4th	P to B 4th	13. P to Q 4th	P to B 4th

The answer to Kt takes P is Castles Q R, and Black loses the piece. The alternative play is of interest, and gives Black a good game.

13. P takes P (en passant)	Q takes B P	14. R to Q sq	Kt to Q 2nd
14. R to Q sq	Kt to Q 2nd	15. B to Q 3rd	Q to R 3rd
16. Castles	Kt to B 3rd		

This, again, is a critical point, because R takes P, with a strong attack on the Q, seems an obvious continuation, and if 17. B takes P (ch), then K to R sq, &c.

17. Q to Kt 3rd
This is so obviously inferior to Q to Kt as to appear surprisingly weak.

17. Kt to K 4th	R takes Kt	18. Q to R 4th	R takes P
19. P to Kt 4th	Kt to B 3rd	20. Q takes Q	P takes Q
21. Kt to K 5th	R takes R (ch)	22. B takes R	Kt takes Kt

And here Dr. Tarrasch points out what is also obvious, that R takes P (ch) before retaking the Q is a winning move.

21. Kt to K 5th	R takes R (ch)	22. B takes R	Kt takes Kt
22. B takes R	Kt takes Kt	23. P takes Kt	Kt to Q 4th
23. P takes Kt	Kt to Q 4th	24. Kt to K 4th	P to Kt 3rd

Clearly P to K 5th is responded to by P to K 6th (ch), followed by Kt takes B (ch), &c. The last game of this important match is interesting, but scarcely a perfect example of accurate play. The ending is a capital study, however, and reflects much credit upon M. Tschigorin.

25. Kt takes B (ch)	R takes Kt	26. Kt to K 6th	R to Q B sq
26. Kt to K 6th (ch)	Kt to K 5th	27. Kt to Q 7th	P to B 7th
27. Kt to Q 7th (ch)	P to B 7th	28. R to K sq	Resigns.

The Chess-Players' Annual and Club Directory (British Chess Company, 217, High Holborn, E.C.)—This useful book of reference makes its seventh appearance, and is really a marvellous compilation. Each succeeding volume has marked an advance on its predecessor, both in the fullness and bounds, and gives sterling evidence of the present popularity of chess.

Mr. and Mrs. Rowlands continue to act as joint editors, and they must be complimented on the zeal and energy which have brought their labours to so successful a conclusion.

A new venture, under the name of the Corinthian Chess Club, has been started at Broad Street House with a membership of forty. Any gentlemen wishing to join, or clubs desirous of arranging matches, are invited to communicate with the hon. secy., Mr. F. Hosking.

The Spread Eagle Chess Club defeated the Forest Gate Club, on Nov. 27, by 7½ games to 4½. Two of the winning score, however, were secured by default.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

The Royal School of Art Needlework owes much to Princess Christian. On Nov. 30 her Royal Highness paid one of her frequent visits to the school. The occasion was the usual Christmas sale. A number of ladies of position form a sort of committee to help Princess Christian in maintaining public interest in the school, and several of these presented purses to the Princess containing in the aggregate £150 in aid of the building fund for the new school. These ladies, who are called the "associates" of the school, have for their president the graceful and gracious Lady Elcho, who gave a sumptuous tea to the visitors at this function, and who wore a black silk dress with very big sleeves, and a vest of pleated heliotrope crêpe de chine, barred across below the waist by ribbon; a large black picture-hat and a scarf of fine white lace completed the toilet. The Princess wore a very plain toilette of grey tweed with a red velvet bonnet. Lady Dorothy Nevill was in a long mantle of brocade, a black ground covered with small red flowers. Several ermine-lined and trimmed cloaks were worn.

Now is the time to think about Christmas presents. If any generous man wants to give a costly present to his wife or daughter, he may look at the smart dresses which are to be seen in abundance and in variety at Messrs. Jay's, at Regent Circus. Some of the new gowns there are indescribably elaborate, though always in good taste. Try to imagine a skirt with the bottom half bright violet velvet and the upper half black velvet, with a band of mink fur and a row of jet separating the two colours; bodice with sleeves of a lighter violet velvet, and the rest of white serge covered with white Venetian rose point lace, a black ribbon waist-belt, a white chiffon jabot in the centre, and a series of rows of the brown fur laid down the bodice over the lace! Or imagine a dinner-gown of pale heliotrope brocade with revers embroidered in jet and two wide black chiffon streamers falling loose from the back of the neck to the end of the train. But besides elaborate confections like these, there are many small trifles suitable for presents. For instance, a muff all of loops of violet ribbon velvet, lined inside with fur, and decorated with bows of shot ribbon and flowers in the front; or a satchel of green velvet and white lace to hang on the arm by long strings and to hold the handkerchief; or collarettes and fichus of great variety—ranging from one all of heliotrope crêpe fitted over the shoulders, and having a frill arranged round like a berthe, to one of white watered silk edged with blue musquash fur, and trimmed round the neck with real Brussels appliqué, having a large steel buckle at the centre.

The establishment of the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, of 110, Regent Street, is a place where the latest and most beautiful novelties imaginable—offered, too, at the lowest possible price—can be inspected by visitors without their being at all importuned to purchase. Among the newest things here are some made in tortoise-shell and silver-gilt pierced work. One of these articles is a sweet little puff-box with the top beautifully worked in silver-gilt, with a scene from the "Iliad"; another tortoise-shell and gold article is a letter-balance; another a writing-table candlestick, and most charming of all is a folding photograph-case, the tortoise-shell in a double heart-shape, adorned with a monogram and clasps in gold. Amongst the new brooches are a great many varieties showing the date, sometimes in enamel and sometimes in precious stones. A pretty little brooch has two diamond chicks on a bar of plain gold struggling for an ear of corn; and another, four swallows in flight holding "Xmas," in red enamel, in their mouths. Mistletoe is simulated in many shapes, perhaps the prettiest being a spray with leaves of chrysoprase and berries of pearl and the date in diamonds on the stem. The opal matrix makes some exceedingly beautiful brooches, chiefly shaped like butterflies. Another attractive novelty is a little golden cornelian heart, to hang on a neckchain, and the same pretty stone as a heart-shaped brooch with yellow and white diamonds round.

Messrs. Mappin and Webb, of 158, Oxford Street, show, besides their large and fine stock of ordinary silver goods, a number of little novelties for Christmas. There is a complete toilet-service in melon Coalport china, with gilt mountings. The crushed morocco card-cases with a silver pansy having a pearl centre for decoration are very pretty. One of the most successful gifts at the moment is a manicure case for the care of the hands, which can be purchased here either with silver or tortoise-shell or ivory fittings. A silver pencil-case can be had here, from which, by turning a screw, either red, black, or blue lead can be produced for use.



IN THE SCHOOLROOM.
Kate has a bad cold, and coughs dreadfully, interrupting the lessons. As she suffers very much from her throat, her Mistress, making her take some Pastilles, says:—

IF YOU COUGH TAKE GERAUDEL'S PASTILLES

Price per case, with directions for use, 1s. 1d. Can be ordered through any Chemist, or sent, post free, on receipt of price, from the Wholesale Depot for Great Britain—
FASSETT and JOHNSON, 32, SNOW HILL, LONDON, E.C.

Mappin & Webb's CHRISTMAS PRESENTS IN STERLING SILVER & PRINCE'S PLATE

(Regd. 71,552).



Prince's Plate Hot-water Jug, with
Wickered Handle.
1 pint, £3 5s. 2 pints, £4 0s.
1½ " £3 10s. 2½ " £4 5s.



Fluted Cigar Lighter with Ash Tray.
Sterling Silver, £3 15s.
Prince's Plate, 15s.



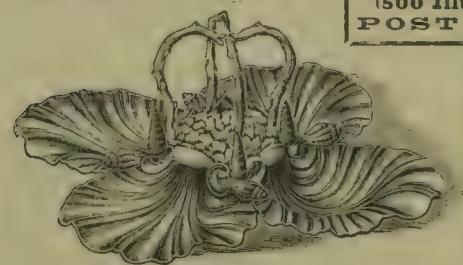
New Breakfast Dish, with Fluted Cover and Handsome Mounts.
Converts into three Dishes by simply removing the handle.
Large size, in Prince's Plate, £6 15s.



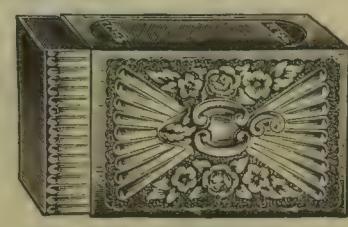
Engraved Glass Claret Jug.
Prince's Plate Mounts, £2 10s.
Sterling Silver Mounts, £5 0s.



Prince's Plate Biscuit Box, richly engraved.
Opens into two compartments with pierced
Divisions, £5 15s.
The same, but quite plain, £4 10s.



Prince's Plate, richly Fluted Hors d'Oeuvres Dish, with
Coral and Shell Handles, gilt inside, £4 10s.



Repoussé Chased Solid Silver Case, for
Bryant and May's Matches.
Large size, 18s.



Ivory Pepper Mill,
with Sterling
Silver Mounts,
£1 12s.

Goods sent to
the Country
on Approval.



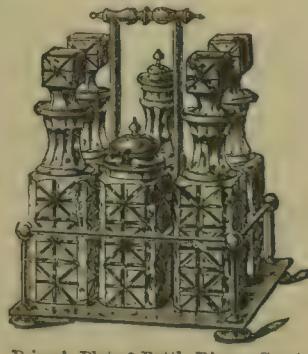
Registered design.
"Princess" Sugar Bowl and Tong,
in Prince's Plate, Gilt inside, 10s. 6d.
Sterling Silver, £1 10s.



Prince's Plate Soup Tureen, richly engraved.
8 in. long, £5 15s. 10 in., £7 5s. 12 in., £9 0s.



Prince's Plate Stand, for Bread and Butter, Cake, Sugar,
and Cream. Doulton Ware China Dishes, prettily decorated
with Flowers; Sugar Basin and Cream Jug in
Prince's Plate, gilt inside, £4.



Prince's Plate 6-Bottle Dinner Cruet,
Cut Glass Bottles, £3 10s.



Prince's Plate Kettle and Stand, with Ebony Handle
and Knob.
1½ pints, £3 15s. 2 pints, £4 5s. 2½ pints, £4 15s.

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated June 6, 1888), with a codicil (dated Nov. 5, 1892), of Mr. Arthur Hutchinson, D.L., J.P., late of Hagley Park, Lugwardine, Herefordshire, and of Blairhulechan, Aberfoyle, in the county of Stirling, who died on Aug. 6, was proved on Nov. 24 by James Hutchinson, the nephew, and William Arthur Hutchinson, two of the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to over £228,000. The testator bequeaths £500 each to the Bury Infirmary (Lancashire) and the Hereford Infirmary; £300 each to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, and the Royal National Life-boat Institution; £200 to the Society for the Widows and Orphans of the Clergy of the Diocese of Hereford; £100 to the Society for Promoting the Employment of Additional Curates; £50,000, upon trust, to pay the dividends to his sisters Fanny Hutchinson, Charlotte Hutchinson, and Maria Whateley, for their lives, and, on the death of the survivor, to fall into his residuary estate; £28,000 and his balance at the Royal Bank of Scotland to John Richard Hutchinson; £21,000 to William Arthur Hutchinson; £20,000 to William Henry Heap Hutchinson; £16,000 each to his nieces Mary Louisa Wilson and Emma Eckenstein; £12,000 to his niece Edith Peel; £12,000, upon trust, for the children of his late niece Louisa Pearson; and other legacies. He gives his property Blairhulechan, and his right of shooting and fishing over lands which he holds under the Duke of Montrose, to the said John Richard Hutchinson; and the Hagley Park estate and all his messuages, lands, tenements and hereditaments, whether freehold, copyhold, customary, or leasehold, in the parish of Lugwardine to his said three sisters as joint tenants for their lives and the life of the survivor of them. He also gives his sisters absolutely all his jewellery, and the enjoyment of all his plate, furniture, and indoor and outdoor effects at Hagley Park; ultimately the said furniture and effects are to be theirs also, absolutely. All the residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his nephew James Hutchinson.

The will (dated April 8, 1893) of Mr. George Morphett, formerly of Adelaide, South Australia, and late of 32, Westbourne Terrace, and 15, Palace Gardens Terrace,

Kensington, who died on Oct. 19, was proved on Nov. 27 by Mrs. Katherine Ann Morphett, the widow, Leonard Hopwood Hicks, and Louis Henry Mylius Dick, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £68,000. The testator gives his leasehold residence in Palace Gardens Terrace, with the furniture and effects, and £300, to his wife; £150 to his son, Eustace; £300 to his son's wife, Rosa Harriet; £500, upon trust, for his grandson, George Charles; £300 to Elizabeth, the widow of his late brother, Sir John Morphett; and legacies to relatives of his wife, executors and others. The residue of his real and personal estate, wheresoever situate, he leaves, upon trust, to pay £800 per annum to his wife during widowhood; £350 per annum to her in the event of her marrying again; and £400 per annum to his said son for twenty-one years after his decease. The remainder of the income is to accumulate, and at the expiration of the said term the then income is to be paid to his son for life. At his son's death he gives an annuity of £200 to his wife, Rosa Harriet, and the ultimate residue to his son's children equally.

The will (dated Jan. 17, 1891) of Mr. Carl Ludwig Wilhelm Brandt, late of Schwachhauser Chaussee, 15, Bremen, Germany, proprietor of a brewery, who died on Aug. 17, was proved in London on Nov. 27 by Heinrich Theodor Wilhelm Brandt, the son, and Johann Heinrich Christoph Wiegand, the executors, the value of the personal estate in England amounting to over £63,000. The will is made jointly by the deceased and his wife, Mrs. Henriette Charlotte Brandt, and they therein appoint their children Heinrich, Herman, Albert, Henriette, Marie, and Emilie, the children of their daughter Minna, and the children of their son Otto to receive their inheritance in proportionate shares, but certain advancements to children are to be brought into account in the division. His daughter Minna, and afterwards her husband in succession, are to have the usufruct for life of the share to which her children are made heirs, and his son Otto is also to have the usufruct for life of the share to which his children are made heirs.

The will (dated May 26, 1891) of Mrs. Isabel Amiel, late of Clarence House, Imperial Square, Cheltenham, who died on Oct. 24, was proved on Nov. 23 by Richard Randall and Gerald Surman, the executors, the value of

the personal estate amounting to upwards of £36,000. The testatrix gives £4000 to Amy Ruperta Baynes; £2000 each to Louisa Ruperta Colston, Augusta Mary Seton, Frances Isabell Christie, Isabella Martha Christie, Georgina Mary McArthur, and Charles Christie; £1000 to her god-daughter, Lady Rowley; two freehold and two copyhold cottages at Lexden, Colchester, to the said Charles Christie; and other legacies. The residue of the property over which she has a disposing power she leaves to the said Isabella Martha Christie.

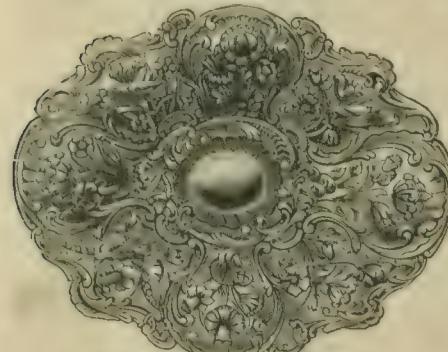
The will (dated March 18, 1890), with three codicils (dated Nov. 3, 1890; May 30, 1891; and June 16, 1892), of Mr. Reginald Ward, formerly solicitor to the Metropolitan Board of Works, and subsequently to the London County Council, late of Erskine Chambers, Lincoln's Inn Fields, and Braemar, Frant Road, Tunbridge Wells, was proved on Nov. 16 by Charles John Mander and Christopher Moorhouse, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £26,000. The testator bequeaths £1000 to the National Benevolent Institution, to be invested, and the dividends paid to such candidate for the benefit of the institution as the governors shall select; the bequest is to call the Reginald Ward Pension Fund; £1000 to the Royal Asylum of St. Ann's Society, Redhill, to be invested, and the dividends applied to one of the candidates for admission to the society as the governors shall select; this bequest is also to be called the Reginald Ward Pension Fund; £300 to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children; £200 to the Governesses' Benevolent Institution, Sackville Street, Piccadilly; and numerous legacies of large amount to relatives and others. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his sisters, Fanny Lee and Juliana Ward, and his nieces, Caroline Edith Smith and Florence Ward.

The will (dated Dec. 29, 1887), with two codicils (dated May 4 and Sept. 17, 1892), of Mr. John Hyde Hills, J.P., late of Maidstone, Kent, who died on Sept. 24, was proved on Nov. 14 by Walter Hills and Edward Hills, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £26,000. The testator gives some legacies to children, and leaves the property which he has power to appoint under the will of Mr. Sweetlove, his late wife's father, and also the residue of his property as to one

GOLDSMITHS' & SILVERSMITHS' COMPANY,

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Elegantly Chased Solid Silver Fruit Dish, £3.

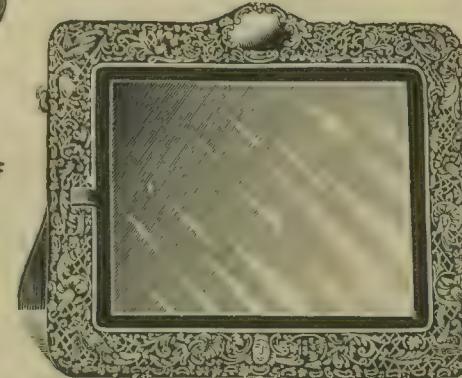


Fine Crystal Glass Scent
Bottle, with Solid Silver
Watch Top, £1 10s.



Exquisitely Chased Solid Silver Toilet Box,
size, 4in. by 1 3/4in., £1 17s. 6d.

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NOVELTIES IN SOLID SILVER
SUITABLE FOR
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Solid Silver Framed Expanding Triple Mirror,
size, 9in. by 9in., £3 15s.



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Solid Silver Elegantly Fluted Fern
Pot, with Terra-Cotta Lining,
£1 7s. 6d., £1 15s., and £2 10s.



Six Solid Silver elegantly Chased Cups, with ornamented
China lining, in best Morocco Case, £4 4s.



Solid Silver Kettledrum Bowl, Ewer,
and Tongs, Richly Chased, in best
Morocco Case, £2 10s.



Six Solid Silver Tea Spoons and Tongs, with Scroll Heads
and Fluted Bowls, in best Morocco Case, £2.

Manufactory: CLERKENWELL.

"FIRE" PROTECTION OF MANSIONS

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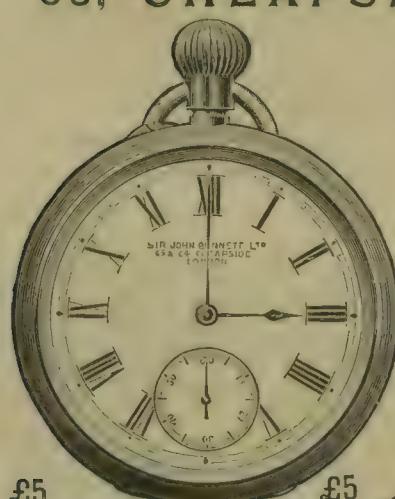
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A Large and Elegant Stock of every Description.

SILVER WATCHES from £2.

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£5

THE CHEAPSIDE 2-PLATE KEYLESS LEVER WATCH, With Chronometer Balance and jewelled in thirteen actions, in strong Silver Case with Crystal Glass. The 'cheapest' watch ever produced. Air, damp, and dust tight. Ditto, in Gold, £12.

£5

LADIES' GOLD KEYLESS WATCHES. Perfect for time, beauty, and workmanship. With plain polished or richly engraved 18-carat Gold Cases, fully Jewelled, strong Crystal Glass, air, damp, and dust tight.

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LADIES' GOLD KEYLESS WATCHES. Perfect for time, beauty, and workmanship. With plain polished or richly engraved 18-carat Gold Cases, fully Jewelled, strong Crystal Glass, air, damp, and dust tight.

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LADIES' GOLD KEYLESS HALF-CHRONOMETERS. In 18-carat Gold Hunting, Half-Hunting, or Crystal Glass Cases, plain polished or richly engraved 18-plate, finely Jewelled movements, Chronometer Balance, specially adapted for all climates.

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PRESERATION WATCHES, £10, £20, £30, £40, £50, to £250. Arms and Inscriptions emblazoned to order. Watches, Clocks, and Jewellery repaired on the premises by experienced Workmen.

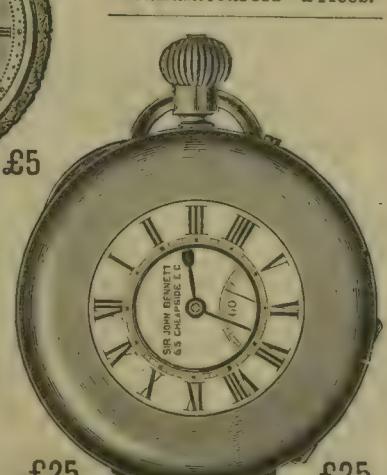


£10 £10
LADY'S GOLD KEYLESS WATCH,

Perfect for time, beauty, and workmanship, with keyless action, air, damp, and dust tight.

Ditto in Silver, £5.

GOLD CHAINS AT Manufacturers' Prices.



£25 £25
A STANDARD GOLD KEYLESS 2-PLATE HALF-CHRONOMETER WATCH, accurately timed for all climates. Jewelled in 13 actions. In massive 18-ct. case, with Monogram richly emblazoned. Ditto in Silver, £15.

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THE FAULKNER DIAMOND, being a hard Crystal, will stand any amount of wear, is most beautifully cut and faceted by the first lapidaries of the day. The purity and dark rich fire of these stones are unsurpassable, and infinitely superior to many expensive real gems of inferior quality. The great reputation of the FAULKNER DIAMOND is now well known all over the world. The stones are set in gold and silver by most experienced setters, and can be mounted side by side with the finest brilliants. They are patronised for Court and all great occasions. Thousands of Testimonials can be seen from all parts of the world. The public are cordially invited to inspect the marvellous selection now on view, which we guarantee will surpass most sanguine expectations. CATALOGUES POST FREE. These WONDERFUL STONES can only be obtained at

A. FAULKNER,

Manufacturing Jeweller,

90 & 167, RECENT STREET, LONDON, W.

Pin and Stud 17s.

seventh each to his children, Walter, Edward, Emily Fanny, Thomas Hyde, and Lucy; one seventh, upon trust, for his daughter Mary Hardy for life, and then for her children; and one seventh, upon trust, to pay thereout £2000 to his son Frederick, and the remainder for Arthur John and Mabel, the two children of his last-named son.

The will (dated June 10, 1893) of Mrs. Mary Edwards, late of The Gables, Great Missenden, Bucks, who died on Sept. 27, was proved on Nov. 23 by Sampson Hodgkinson, Thomas Moreton, and Paul Jackson, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £13,000. The testatrix bequeaths £500 to the Master, Wardens, and Court of Assistants of the Loriners' Company in the City of London, to be invested and the income applied for the relief of the poor of the said Company, in memory of her late husband, John Edwards; £100 to the National Hospital for the Paralysed and Epileptic (Queen Square, Bloomsbury) for the general purposes of the hospital; and the further sum of £500 to be applied for the endowment of an annuity, to be called "The Elizabeth Nisbet Annuity" in memory of her mother, the income to be paid by the governors or managers of the hospital to some female suffering from paralysis; £200 each to the High Wycombe and Earl of Beaconsfield Memorial Cottage Hospital at High Wycombe, the Cancer Hospital, Brompton, and the Middlesex Hospital for the benefit of the cancer ward; £100 each to St. Mary's Hospital (Paddington),

the Hospital for Sick Children (Great Ormond Street); St. Marylebone Almshouses (St. John's Wood), the Church Extension Association (Kilburn Park Road), the Additional Curates' Society (Arundel House, Victoria Embankment), and the National Schools (High Wycombe); £100 to the Vicar and Churchwardens of St. James's Church (West Hampstead), to pay the cost of inserting her name in one of the four coloured windows which she has had placed in the Lady Chapel of the said church, and in the memorial tablet also placed by her in the church in the spaces left for that purpose, and the remainder to the Vicar, to be expended by him on the said church as he may think proper; and many legacies to friends, executors, and servants. Her freehold house in Great Bath Street, Clerkenwell, she gives to her late husband's godson, Marshall Nisbet Inman; and her freehold residence The Gables, with piece of land and two freehold cottages, to her friend Sir Frederick Perkins. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves to her executor Mr. Paul Jackson.

Letters of administration of the personal estate of H.R.H. Margaret d'Orléans, Princess Czartoryska, late of 2, Rue St. Louis, Paris, who died on Oct. 24 intestate, were granted in London on Nov. 22 to Richard Walter Tweedie, acting under a power of attorney from H.H. Prince Ladislas Czartoryska, the husband of the deceased, the value of the personal estate in England amounting to £1663.

OBITUARY.

THE EARL OF WARWICK.

George Guy Greville, Earl of Warwick, died at Warwick Castle on Dec. 2. His Lordship was eleventh Baron Brooke of Beauchamp's Court, in the county of Warwick, the first Baron being Sir Fulke Greville, Chancellor of the Exchequer in the time of James I., to whom Warwick Castle was granted. The late Earl was a graduate of Oxford University, and was at one time Member of Parliament for South Warwickshire. He was also Hon. Colonel of the Warwickshire Yeomanry Cavalry and A.D.C. to the Queen. His Lordship was born March 28, 1818, and married, Feb. 18, 1852, Anne, daughter of the eighth Earl of Wemyss and March, and by this lady, who survives him, leaves issue. His eldest son, who succeeds to the title, Francis Richard Charles Guy, Lord Brooke, formerly M.P. for Colchester, was born Feb. 9, 1853, and married April 30, 1881, Frances Evelyn,



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NOTE THE PRICES,
RICH, PURE, AND FRAGRANT,
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PURE, STRONG, yet
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Cod Liver Oil

"Is as nearly tasteless
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Can be borne and digested by the most delicate—is the only Oil which does not repeat, and for these reasons the most efficacious kind in use. In capsule Bottles only, at 1s. 4d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 9d., and 9s. Sold Everywhere.

NOTE PARTICULARLY.—This Oil is NEVER sold in bulk, and cannot be genuine unless in the Capsuled Bottles bearing Allen and Hanburys' Name and Trade-Mark (a Plough).

BYNIN LIQUID MALT, forms a valuable adjunct to Cod-Liver Oil, a powerful aid to the digestion, and very palatable, possessing the nutritive and peptic properties of malt in perfection. It is a valuable aliment in Consumption and Wasting Diseases. In Bottles, at 1s. 9d. each.



FLORILINE
FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH.
Is the **BEST LIQUID DENTIFRICE** in the World.
PREVENTS the DECAY of the TEETH.
RENDS THE TEETH PEARLY WHITE.
Is partly composed of Honey, and Extracts from Sweet Herbs and Plants.
Is PERFECTLY HARMLESS and DELICIOUS to the TASTE.
Of all Chemists and Perfumers throughout the World, 2s. 6d. per Bottle.

IN EVERY HOME A USE IS FOUND FOR ELLIMAN'S

SORE THROAT FROM COLD.

From a Clergyman.

"For many years I have used your Embrocation, and found it most efficacious in preventing and curing sore throat and cold."

"On a Saturday evening I have sometimes felt a little sore throat, or have had a slight cold on the chest, in which case I have rubbed in the Embrocation at night, put a piece of flannel over the part, and the next morning found myself quite recovered and able to do a long day's work in Church and Sunday School."

FOOTBALL.

Forfar Athletic Football Club.

"We have now had your Universal Embrocation in constant use for over three years, and it has, without exception, given entire satisfaction to all who have used it.—Yours faithfully,

"JAMES BLACK."

BRONCHITIS.

Mrs. Jessie Keene, 46, St. Petersburg Place, Bayswater, W., writes:

"Jan. 27, 1893.

"I have much pleasure in telling you that I have used your Embrocation—not in my stables, as I have none, but in my nursery—for ten years; and if mothers only knew the value of it in cases of bronchitis and sore throats they would never be without a bottle of it in the house."

ACHES, SPRAINS, & STIFFNESS.

From A. F. Gardiner, Esq. (A.A.A., L.A.C., Spartan Harriers' Official Handicapper).

"41, Cawley Road, South Hackney, N.E.

"Aug. 6, 1891.

"I have great pleasure in testifying to the efficacy of Elliman's Embrocation. I have used it for many years past for Sprains, and it has always afforded me great relief. After exercise it is invaluable for dispersing stiffness and aches. No athlete or cross-country runner should be without it."

RHEUMATISM.

Mr. H. Kricheldorf, Calbe A/S, Germany, writes:

"It gives me great pleasure in testifying to the excellency of the Embrocation. I have used it amongst my assistants for Rheumatism and Bruises, and recommend it to all my friends."

RUNNING.

A Blackheath Harrier writes:

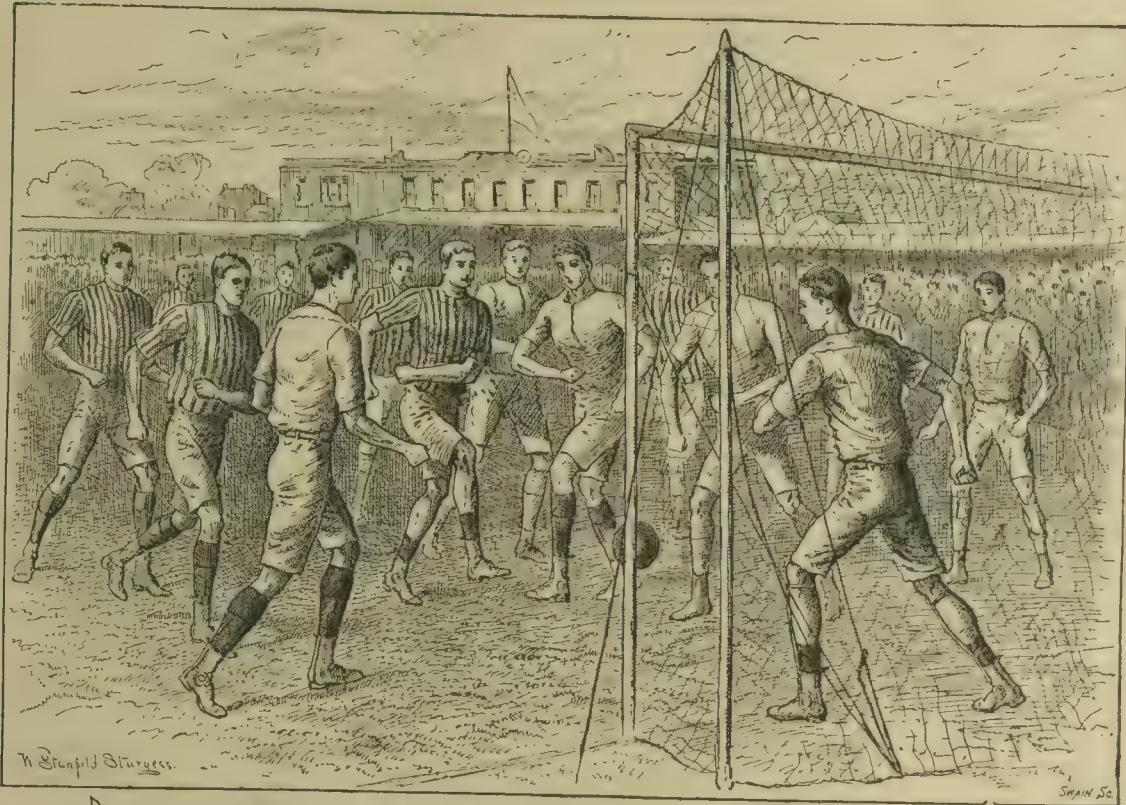
"June 22, 1883.

"Draw attention to the benefit to be derived from using Elliman's Embrocation after cross-country running in the winter months."

CHEST COLDS.

The Tufnell Park Hon. Secretary writes:

"I can testify to the excellency of your Embrocation, and its great popularity, not only for colds and sprains, but as a capital restorer of the system, after either a punishing race or a hard game of football."



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"AND IT I WILL HAVE OR I WILL HAVE NONE"

PRICES 1/- 2/- 2/6 - 3/6 PER BOTTLE.

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From His Grace the Duke of Rutland.

"Belvoir, Grantham, Dec. 1, 1879.
SIRS,—Elliman's Royal Embrocation is used in my stables; I think it very useful."

"RUTLAND,
Master of the Belvoir Hounds."

From Lord Haddington, Tyningham, Prestonkirk, N.B.

"Dec. 27, 1885.
SIRS,—Elliman's Royal Embrocation is used in my stables, but especially in the stable of a Master of Hounds."

"HADDINGTON,
Master of the Berwickshire Hounds."

From the Earl of Harrington.

"Jan. 9, 1880.
SIRS,—Elliman's Royal Embrocation is used in my stables, and I consider it the best that I can obtain."

"HARRINGTON,
Master of the South Wilts Hounds."

From Major M. J. Balfe, South Park.

"June 16, 1892.
SIRS,—Elliman's Royal Embrocation is used in my stables, and I can highly recommend it."

"M. J. BALFE,
Master of the Roscommon County Stag-Hounds."

From W. De Salis Filgate, Esq., Lissenny, Ardee, Ireland.

"July 2, 1892.
GENTLEMEN,—I am never without your Embrocation, which I find most useful for all purposes, and I believe it to be the most genuine and effective liniment extant."

"W. DE SALIS FILGATE,
Master of the Louth Fox-Hounds."

From Algernon Rushout, Esq., Bourton House, Moreton-in-Marsh.

"July 6, 1892.
SIRS,—I have used your Embrocation for many years, and find it most useful in a hunting establishment both for hounds and horses."

"ALGERNON RUSHOUT,
Master of North Cotswold Fox-Hounds."

From the Hon. Ralph Nevill, 34, Lowndes Square, London, S.W.

"July 4, 1892.
SIRS,—I have for some time been using your Embrocation, and with good results both in kennels and stables."

"RALPH NEVILLE,
Master of West Kent Fox-Hounds."

From R. Burdon Sanderson, Esq., Warren House, Belford.

"July 10, 1892.
SIRS,—Elliman's Royal Embrocation is used in my stables, and I consider it very useful."

"R. BURDON SANDERSON,
Master of Percy Fox-Hounds."

From Wm. J. Buckley, Esq., Penyfa, Llanelli.

"July 16, 1892.
DEAR SIRS,—I have much pleasure in recommending your Royal Embrocation. I always keep a stock in my stables and kennels. My farm bailiff has also found it of much value among my herd."

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Gerald Fitz-Gerald, Duke of Leinster, P.C., died on Dec. 2.

His Grace, who was head of the historic house of Fitz-Gerald and premier Duke and Marquess of Ireland, was twenty-fourth Earl of Kildare and twenty-ninth Baron Offaly. He was Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of county Kildare and a Deputy Lieutenant for his county. The deceased Duke, who was born Aug. 16, 1851, succeeded to the title in 1887, and was made a Privy Councillor in Ireland in the following year. He married, Jan. 17, 1884, Lady Hermione Wilhelmina Duncombe, daughter of William Ernest, Earl of Faversham, and is succeeded in his title by his eldest son, Maurice, who was born March 1, 1887.

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SIR ARCHIBALD ORR EWING, BART.

Sir Archibald Orr Ewing, Bart., died at his residence, Ballikinrain Castle, Balfron, N.B., on Nov. 27. He was M.P. for the county of Dumbarton from 1886 to 1892, and was also a D.L. for the county of Stirling, as well as for Dumbartonshire, where his family have been seated for several centuries. Sir Archibald, who was born Jan. 4, 1818, was created a baronet March 8, 1886. He married, April 27, 1847, Elizabeth Lindsay, only daughter of Mr. James Reid, of Berridale, in the county of Dumbarton, and is succeeded in the baronetcy by his eldest son, Captain William Orr Ewing, born Feb. 14, 1848.

SIR JOHN LOUIS, BART.

Sir John Louis, Bart., of Chelston, county Devon, died on Nov. 16, at Assebrouck, near Bruges. He was grandson of Admiral Sir John Louis, Bart., K.C.B. The late Baronet, who was born Aug. 28, 1831, was a Lieutenant-Colonel in the Bombay Army. He married, first, Feb. 16, 1854, Fanny Anne, second daughter of Mr. J. Bland, of Balmah Hall, Norfolk, and by her (who died in 1872) leaves one surviving daughter. By



his second wife, Charlotte Minna, third daughter of Major William Anderson, of the 2nd West India Regiment, to whom he was married July 16, 1873, Sir John had issue two daughters, who survive him; their mother, Lady Louis, died in 1891. The baronetcy devolves upon Major-General Charles Louis, uncle to the deceased Baronet.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Major-General Sir Alexander Cunningham, K.C.I.E., C.S.I., C.I.E., at his residence, 2, Cranley Mansions, on Nov. 28. The deceased officer entered as Lieutenant the Bengal Engineers in 1831, and became Major-General in 1862.

The Dowager Duchess of St. Albans, at St. Leonards-on-Sea, on Dec. 2. This lady was the second wife of William Aubrey de Vere, Duke of St. Albans, whom she married May 29, 1839, and mother of the present Duke. She was youngest daughter of General Joseph Gubbins, of Kilfrush, county Limerick, and she married secondly Lucius, tenth Viscount Falkland, G.C.H.

Captain the Hon. Henry Weyland Chetwynd, R.N., at his residence in Walton Place, on Nov. 27. He was third son of the sixth Viscount Chetwynd, and married in 1858 Julia Bosville, daughter of Mr. Duncan Davidson, of Tulloch.

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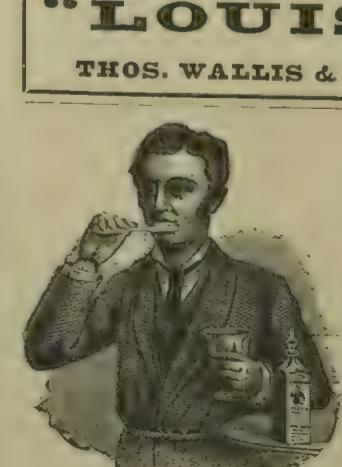
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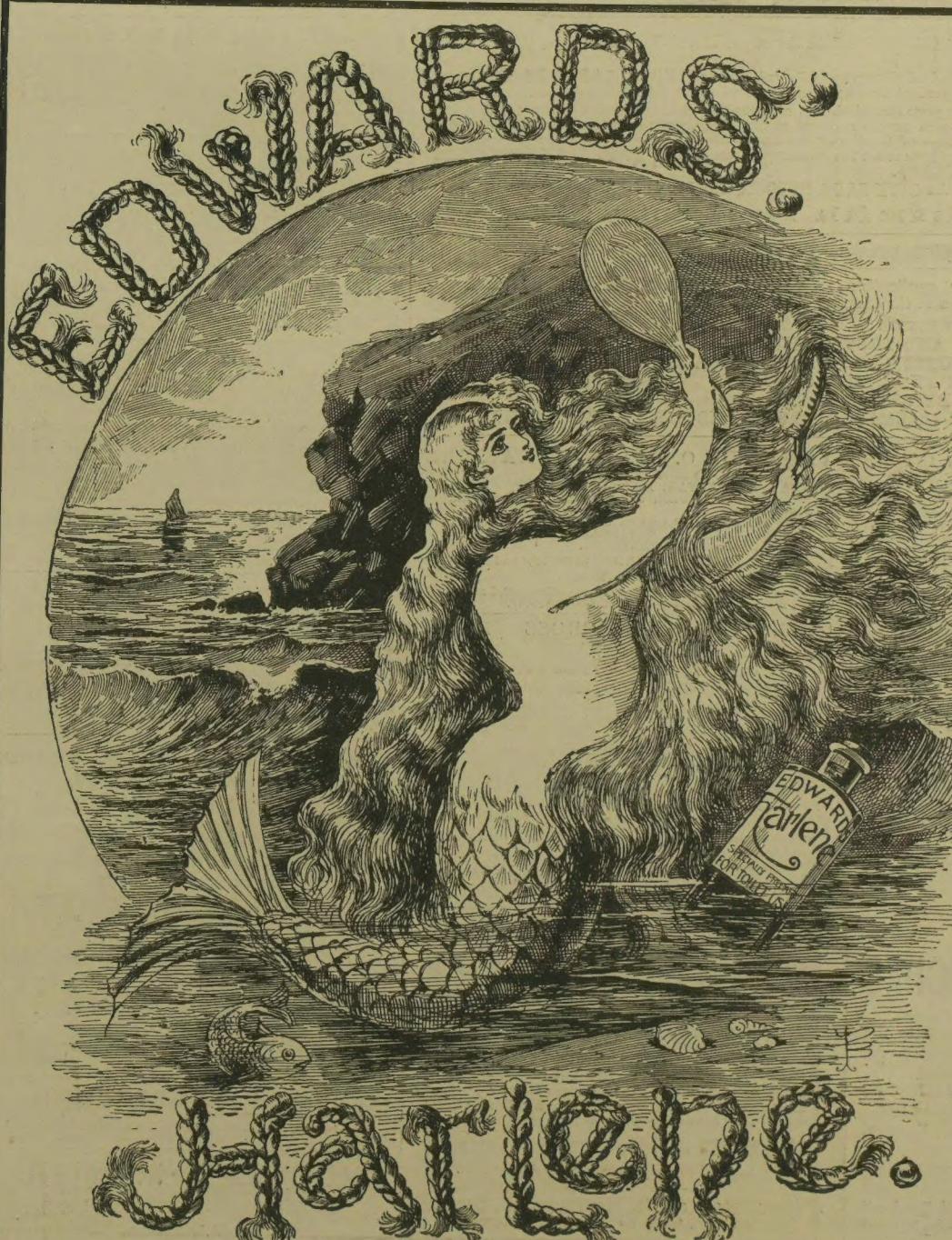
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THE JOWETT MEMORIAL.

An unusual galaxy of orators faced as rare a crowd of distinguished people at the Jowett Memorial meeting on Dec. 2. Seldom has a platform been thronged with so many famous men in various departments of life; their presence was a tribute to the many facets in the late Master's character. In the quiet theatre of the University of London the waning light of the afternoon revealed the faces of scores of the aristocracy of intellect. Her Majesty's judges were represented by the Lord Chief Justice, who paid in mellifluous tones a charming eulogy to Dr. Jowett, who was elected Fellow on the same day as Lord Coleridge entered the college as scholar; Lord Bowen, Lord Justice Davey, Mr. Justice Chitty, Mr. Justice Wright (at whose house the Professor died), and Mr. Justice Kekewich. The large number of members of the House of Commons who are Balliol men was proved not long ago when they assembled at a dinner at the college; not a few of the "coming men" in politics, as well as those who have

arrived, were present at the meeting, including Mr. Asquith, who made the most applauded speech of the afternoon, Mr. W. St. John Brodrick, Mr. George Leveson-Gower, Mr. G. R. Benson, Mr. F. S. Stevenson, Mr. G. N. Curzon, and Mr. Stuart-Wortley. Two editors of daily newspapers, Mr. Sidney J. Low and Mr. E. T. Cook, showed their esteem for their *Alma Mater* and their late Master by being present.

In the chair was the Speaker, who defined the extraordinary influence of Professor Jowett as summed up in the words—his universal sympathy. The Marquis of Salisbury, as Chancellor of Oxford University, spoke of the gift of personal fascination almost in regretful tones, as if he himself were deficient in it. His Lordship's scientific knowledge helped him to a happy remark about the "polarisation" of a certain Oxford controversy. The Lord Chancellor reminded the meeting of the warm interest Dr. Jowett took in Toynbee Hall, and other Varsity schemes. His younger colleague in the Cabinet, the Home Secretary, supported the resolution of regret

at the loss suffered by the University in an excellently worded speech containing three or four memorable phrases. His allusion to "that refined intellect in whose presence intellectual lethargy was stirred into life and intellectual pretentiousness sank into abashed silence" won the applause of the ex-Premier, who is ordinarily slow to exhibit acquiescence. Lord Coleridge proposed the starting of a fund "to maintain, strengthen, and extend the educational work of Balliol College," and was seconded by Lord Bowen and supported by the venerable Dr. Martineau. Already the sum of £1100 has been subscribed, but at least £10,000 ought to be raised. The Bishop of London next moved a resolution in favour of the erection of some memorial to the late Master, and this was seconded by Dr. Jowett's successor, Professor Caird, and supported by young Prince Svasti of Siam, whose presence on the platform added to its cosmopolitan character. It is hoped that the secretaries, Mr. Curzon and Mr. Lyttelton-Gell, will receive many subscriptions towards the admirable objects of the "Jowett Memorial Fund."

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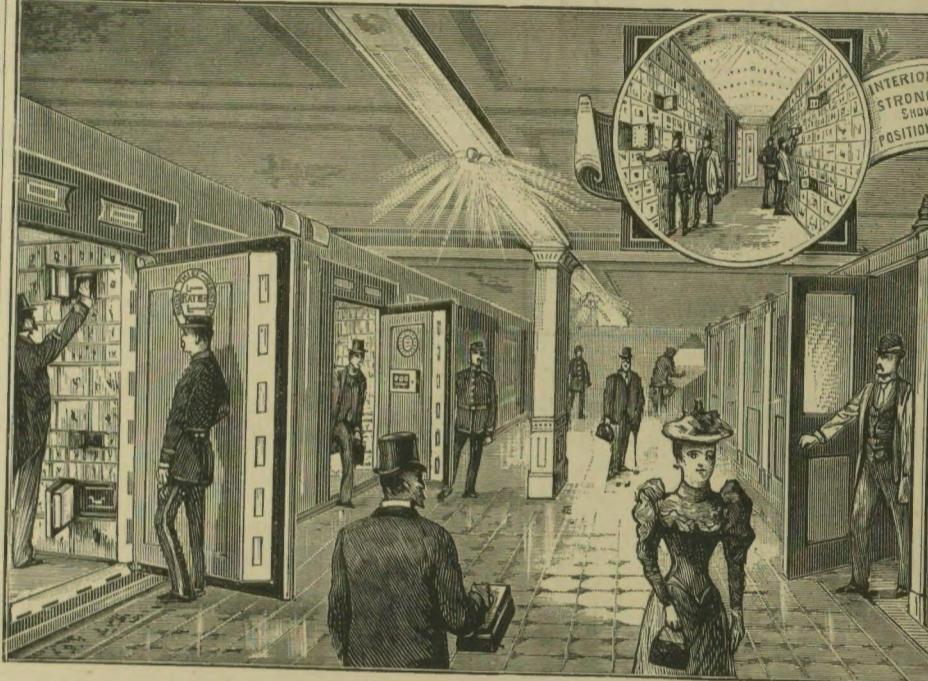
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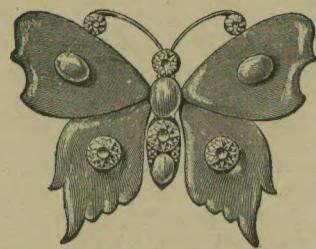
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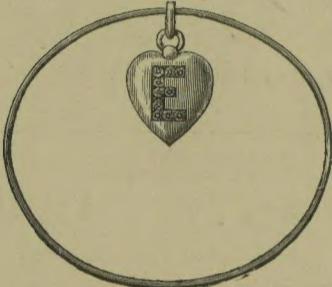
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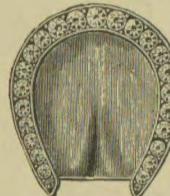
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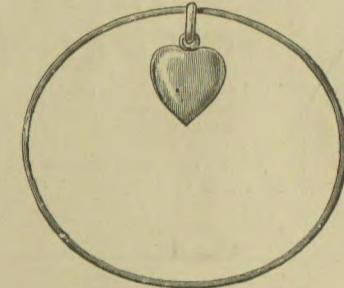
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